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Eve's Weekly

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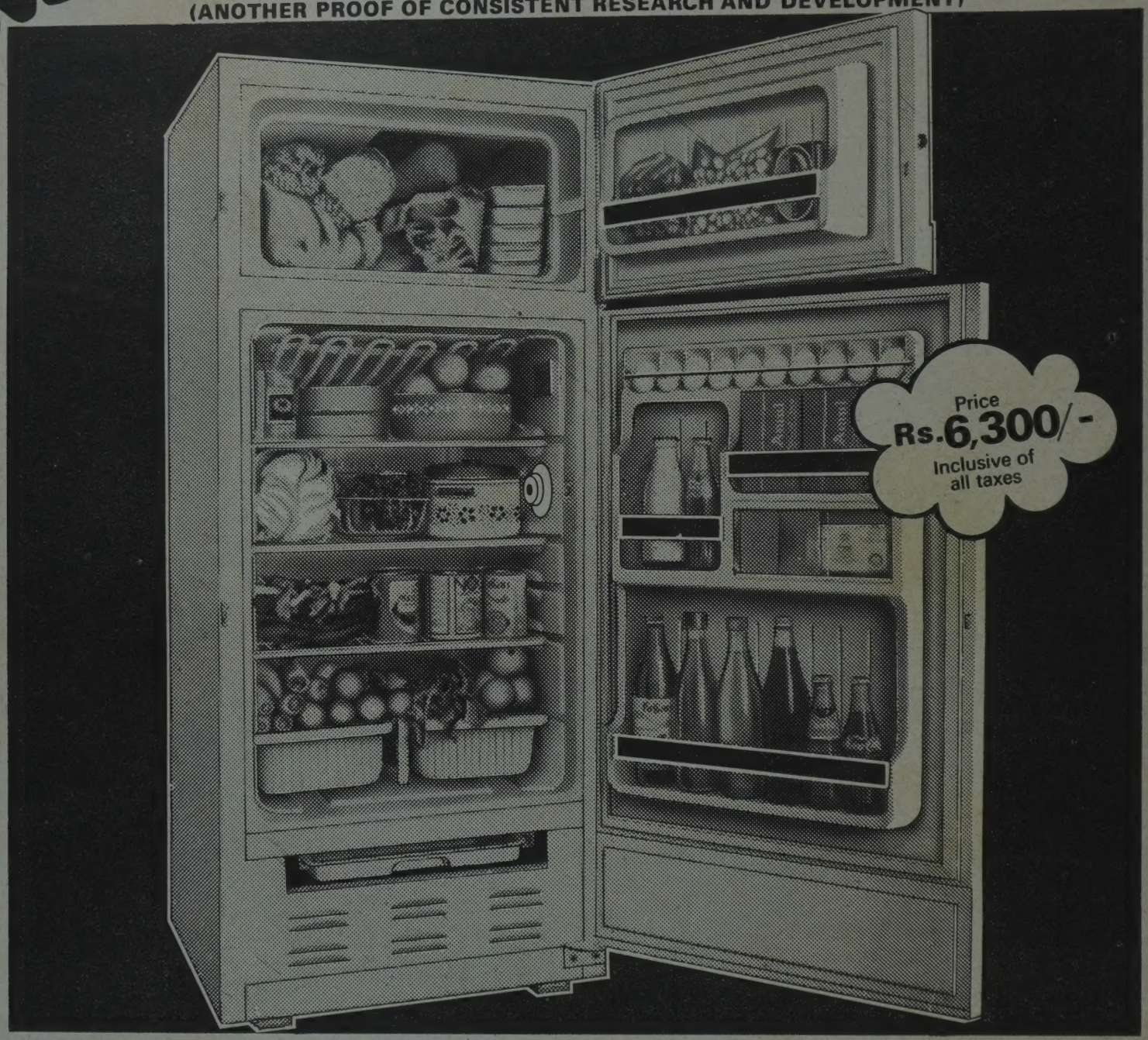

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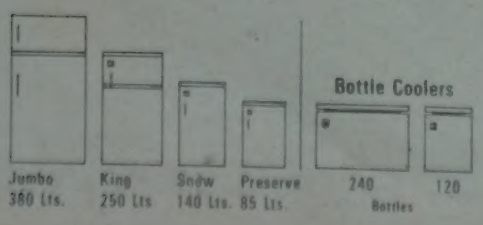

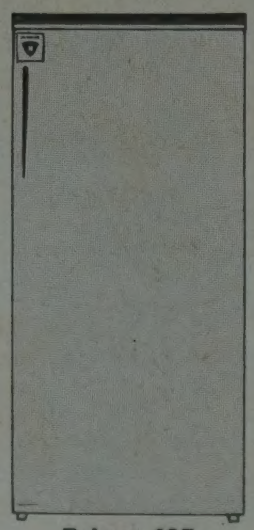

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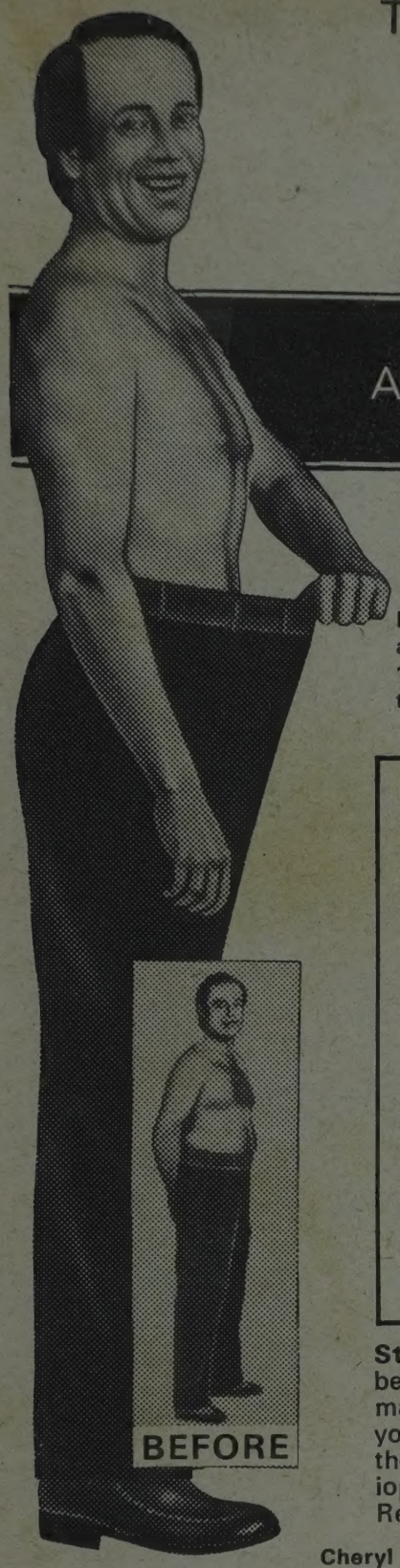
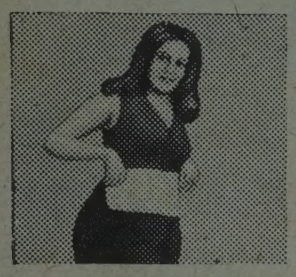


Fred Masters—"No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to trim my midsection, Then Relax-O-Trimmer came along and trimmed my waistline 16 full centimetres—from 98 to 82 centimetres—in just 3 days without dieting. This has to be, without a doubt a unique trimming Programme."

Laurie Jensen—"The Relax-O-Trimmer totally solved my figure problem in just 3 days. That's all the time it took to trim my waist over 9 centimetres—from 72 to 62 centimetres; my tummy 12 centimetres—from 84 to 72. I loved the program, it was fun, it was easy—and I didn't have to starve".

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS



Laurie wraps the Relax-O-Belt completely around her waistline, before hooking the Relax-O-Bands to a convenient doorway. She is then ready to perform one of the pleasant, marvellously effective Relax-O-Trimmer movements—just about 10 minutes

Now Laurie simply relaxes a few moments with her Relax-O-Belt in place. Her Relax-O-Trimmer movements have triggered the Relax-O-Belt's incredible centimetre-reducing effect which goes on working even as she relaxes.

After her brief period of relaxation, Laurie removes her Relax-O-Belt. Already her figure has taken on a new look—already her waist and tummy are tighter and centimetres trimmer. Laurie lost over 9 centimetres from her waist and 12 full centimetres from her tummy in just 3 brief ten minute sessions.

AFTER
Fred Masters...
16 cms off waistline
in just 3 days

AFTER
Laurine Jensen...
her incredible
results in
just 3 days

Startling discovery—thousands of users are finding the Relax-O-Trimmer to be the most effective and the most fun to use slenderizer of all time. It is a marvel of ease, comfort and efficiency—and a pure joy to use. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, and perform one of the easy-to do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the sensational results. Men and Women from 17 to 70 are achieving these results. Results like these:

Cheryl Long—"It really happened in just 3 days the Relax-O-Trimmer trimmed 9 centimetres from my waist and 16.5 centimetres from my tummy. I just love my slim, new shape."

Jim Morgan—"With the Relax-O-Trimmer I actually trimmed, firmed and tightened my waistline 12 centimetres—from 84 to 72 cms—in just 3 days—without starving. Remarkable results from a remarkable programme."

Debbi Brandon—"What a thrill to see 7 centimetres disappear from my waist and 10 centimetres from my tummy in just 3 short days"!

How many excess centimetres can I lose with the Relax-O-Trimmer? How many excess centimetres do you have? Look what Fred and Laurie did in just 3 days. Many users lose 5 or more centimetres from their waists and 5 or more centimetres from their abdomens the very first day. Not everyone will do this. The degree of centimetre loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper trims the waist, abdomen, hips and thighs with such amazing speed that if your waist and abdomen aren't a total of 10 to 20 centimetres trimmer after using your Relax-O-Trimmer for just 3 days and **if you don't lose these centimetres without starving and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Relax-O-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.** No risk—no obligation—money back guarantee. The new Relax-O-Trimmer which trims and slims centimetres far faster, far more effectively than anything we have ever seen—**is being offered for only Rs. 86.00 with a complete money back guarantee.** If you are not satisfied that the Relax-O-Trimmer is the fastest, the most effective trimmer you have ever used, it will not cost you a Paisa. So if you want a trimmer, more ideally proportioned body—right now—send for your Relax-O-Trimmer today.

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- **Jobs reservation—** Is it promoting or reducing casteism? The Dalit Panthers speak.
- **The Hunter and the Hunted —** The Italian Super Policeman hunts down the dangerous Mafia leader.
- A gripping account of **'The tigress I could have shot'**—by B. Ohri.

MIRROR

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Incentive

DIPTI NAVAL

Born in Amritsar. Had her early education from Sacred Heart Convent, Amritsar. Left India for New York immediately after school. At Hunter College, New York, she did psychology, English, painting and theatre. Had several radio and television programmes for Indian audiences in America. An impressive ghazal singer, she speaks fluent Urdu and Hindi and writes poems in Urdu.
Now in India, she has signed a number of Hindi films.
Photograph : Rajendra Chawda

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THIS WEEK

MIDWIFE DADS

Most of our hospitals and nursing homes do not allow husbands into the labour room. In many parts of the world, however, the trend is to allow men to participate in the delivery. A fascinating report.
Page 12.

RELUCTANT TAXIMEN

The so-called "nakhras" of taxi-drivers are well-known in all the main cities.
Bombay taximen, confronted with passengers' grievances, defend themselves.
Page 14.

WOMEN DACOITS

Hasina is one who has made the news recently.
But there have been many women, who have led lives of violence for various reasons.
Page 46.

MECHANICS MADE EASY

Mechanics have never been a female forte, but this new column should help mend matters.
Page 40.

WOMEN AGAINST MRS. GANDHI?

Women in Delhi, Calcutta, and Ahmedabad speak on the re-emergence of Mrs. Gandhi.
Page 36.

ALSO

Eve Today: Lalith Rao, engineer and singer — **Page 17** Film Interviews : Dimple and Simple, the unlikely sisters — **Page 19** Human Interest Story : A mother remembers her young daughter's painful struggle — **Page 20** Decoration : Elegant wrought-iron pieces — **Page 22** Step by Step Cookery : Try this delicious Onion and Vegetable flan — **Page 23** IYC Feature — **Page 44**.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**9**, Readers' Voice/**11**, Beauty Bulletin/**25**, Fashion/**26**, Short Story/**28**, Cookery/**31**, Young Viewpoint/**35**, Quiz 16/**43**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People & Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50**, Answers to Quiz 14/**50**.

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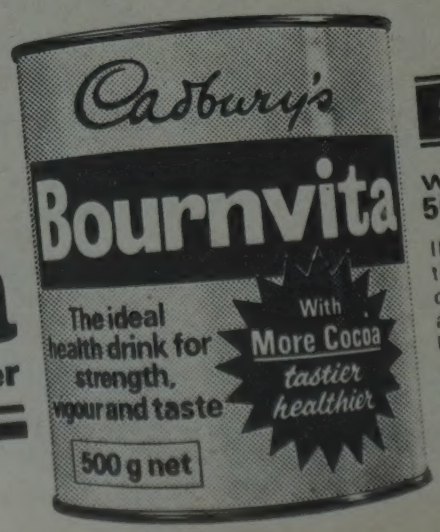

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO SOME...

The season of goodwill is with us once again. It is a time for giving, sharing and rejoicing and yet how much of it is done in the spirit of true charity? This question was brought into sharp focus by a scene I witnessed recently. Carol-singing is one of the pleasant aspects of the Christmas season in this city. First came a group, well-dressed and snugly protected against the cold. They sang the well-loved songs in clear voices to the accompaniment of sweet music. They were cheered and feted with sweets and money. Close on their heels came a band of ill-clad urchins, singing unmusically in sharps and flats All doors remained shut. They received no welcome, no recognition... Few of us are tardy in giving, particularly during the festive season, but our generosity most often adds to abundance, increases plenty. We give gifts to the rich, send wishes to those already surrounded by friends and laughter. We leave the lonely and the friendless on the edges of existence, not because we do not care, but because we cannot see them and do not stop to think about them. 'Peace on Earth and Goodwill to all Men' is, it seems, more difficult of achievement than we poor mortals ever dream of!

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

The rich are very rich; the poor, very poor — this is so true of our country. We neglect the under-privileged and make a fuss over those who need nothing — except perhaps, the fuss. How marvellous it would be if some magic wand would convert every big party, every opulent wedding into a feast for the have-nots!

2nd PRIZE

INDIA, MY INDIA

It is hypocritical of Indians born and settled abroad to say they love India and are proud to be Indians. Why can't they be honest and admit they love being abroad? With all material comforts, easy money, high standard of living, no language barrier and no direct touch with India, the second generation Indian abroad can hardly feel these sentiments.

Besides, I feel it is wrong to advise and instill in these people, a sense of patriotism and love for India which they do not have and probably never will. Also, it is not fair to the host country when its citizens by birth and adoption feel alien and have more loyalty to the land of their ancestors. It is all right for the original settlers who have strong sentiments and dreams of homecoming but when a trouser-clad, disco-swinging, foreign-looking teenager talks of helping the poor here, it is difficult to digest.

Veena Adige, Nagpur

While we agree that Indians living and earning abroad must try to assimilate with the host country, it cannot be argued that they must give up all loyalties to their own country. Patriotism can be expressed in several ways and besides, it has nothing to do with the way you dress or eat or dance.

3rd PRIZE

IN SELF-DEFENCE

I am as proud as the next person in my status as a modern woman, prepared to take up any challenge and to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the best, keen to bear my share of duties and responsibilities as a citizen. Yet, there are times when I feel most acutely the inadequacy and helplessness of my sex. Women are subjected to the rude and vulgar attacks of Eve teasers and few road users wish to get involved by helping. Worse by far are the other heinous crimes committed against women by unscrupulous men.

I doubt if any man will stand back and watch while a woman withdraws the bag of chilli powder from her purse, much less permit her to use the tube for blowing it into his eyes, as suggested by a reader. What, if in the struggle, the plan backfires and renders the woman herself helpless? Though she can never hope to be a match for an armed man, much less a gang, I do not think this should deter any woman from having her own bag of tricks up her sleeve. I think it would be a good idea to train our girls in the art of self-defence. This will at least make her and her parents feel safer and more confident.

Daphne Khan, Hyderabad

Karate and judo will work only so long as the surprise element is there, of the woman overpowering or challenging the male. Once that is over, men will take over again with their physical superiority. No, we must move on to a different plane ... an attitude of society wherein there will be no assaults on the weaker members.

MISS WHO?

I cannot understand why women should feel they are more independent if they use Ms., instead of Miss or Mrs., so long as there is a man's name tagged on at the end. The only difference is that one cannot tell whether the woman is a daughter or the wife of the man whose name she is using.

If women want to be completely independent of men in this business of writing their names, why not discard the surnames altogether and use the old Indian titles for women like Devi and Amma?

Rita Ray, Kerala

We do not really think that using Ms. actually enhances or consolidates the status of a woman. Often, in reports, Ms. So-and-so is identified as "the wife of Mr. Such-and-such". This is merely putting the nomenclature to ridicule.

HARIJANS AND WOMEN

This refers to your recent letter about the scheduled castes (EW-Nov. 11). Please try to remember that women have also been made to suffer, from Manu's time, like the scheduled castes. You feel 32 years are enough for catching up for the scheduled castes, then why do you set up such a clamour for women who have also had thirty-two years for making up lost time. Even today a scheduled caste citizen can be humiliated in public, whatever may be his status or academic qualifications, but women do not suffer such humiliation.

I feel more points are in favour of women, who appear to have gained equal status as compared to these unfortuates. You may as well, immediately stop publishing articles to fight for the betterment of women!

Every day it is reported in the papers that someone has been beaten to death for being a Harijan. Very recently a Harijan teacher was beaten to death because he had "dared" to reprimand a boy of high caste for not coming to school. What was his crime? But then this is the punishment for being a Harijan, I suppose.

Gurcharan Singh, Bombay

Your analogy on the Harijan and women is not quite accurate. Where sheer suffering is concerned, we know that women, generally, have not gone through the torture and indignities heaped on the Harijans. On the other hand, Indian Independence did not open up academic incentives and job opportunities for women as it did for members of the scheduled castes. Women's fight for liberation and equal status got going only in the mid-sixties. This is not to say, of course, that the Harijans are not suffering in the social context. We feel for them and we will continue to write for their cause.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

OF COPS AND COMMISSIONS

Congratulations on the splendid Eve's Weekly indictment of cops and congratulations also to both the Muktadar and the Dharma Veera Commissions. The entire selection criteria, training and attitudes of our police forces need to be changed. My suggesttion would be to transfer the whole lot elsewhere and re-employ suitable demobbed ex-servicemen. In Bangalore I am Director of a group called the Friends of Policemen in Society and many youths here have demanded the dropping of the word "friends". Their question is "Do policemen need friends in society, especially in India?"

Madam Cama's words were quoted in another article in the same interesting issue : "If violence is applauded in Russia, why not in India? Tyranny is tyranny and torture is torture, wherever applied." Guilty politicians and policemen in India should ponder on the relevance of these words here even today. If matters do not improve, trigger-happy justice-seekers may take the law into their own hands in the near future.

JUSTIN PINTO S. K. PRABHU, Bangalore

CO-EDUCATION

With reference to your article on St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, going co-ed (Dec. 16), being a college student myself, and a male to boot, I have always seen boys enjoy the company of girls at college. The boys of St. Xavier's seem to be strangely different. False pride and egoism must be at the root of their narrow-minded view of the changes in their college.

The fact that the institution has been an all-male institution for over a 100 years is no reason why the college should not turn into a co-ed institution now.

A co-ed college caters to the demands of a larger number of students and could indirectly relieve the pressure on other colleges. With more students admitted, competition becomes stiffer and the results are bound to improve. The students will also have a more realistic attitude towards the opposite sex and the relationship between the sexes will be more healthy. The boys will soon realise that girls are no pushovers. Being a boy, and knowing boys well, I am sure the time will come when they will clamour for the admission of girls to B.Com. classes as well.

BOBBY CHACKO, Pune

PROTECTION FOR WOMEN

Reports of women being subjected to rape and other ghastly crimes by policemen have been pouring in from various parts of the country. This is a sad commentary on the guardians of law and order.

When instances of crimes against women became very frequent, a women's organisation presented a memorandum several months back to the President. One of the demands was that only police women should deal with women arrested. Till date, no such such action has been taken.

If the government is serious about ending the growing sinful and shameful sexual exploitation and harassment of women, it should act without any further loss of time.

ANTHONY PARAKAL, Bombay

NEXT WEEK

BLESSED MOTHERHOOD

There are people who, while they like children, do not want to have any of their own. A few of them have the courage to resist the many pressures on them to enter the state of parenthood. But what pressures! In spite of the personal nature of the decision, the struggle for the right not to have children is a hard one, especially in India.

SEXUAL ROLES

A recent, personalised talk at the American Centre in Bombay revealed some rather startling facts about the situation of women in the U. S. today.

A LONE CRUSADE

An interview with Nandana Ishbiliya, who was in the news during the Chikmagalur by-elections with her silent protest against the treatment of her mother, Kannada actress Snehlata Reddy, in jail during the Emergency.

TRAFFIC IN GIRLS

British girls who respond to ads for barmaids and waitresses to work in some cities in the Middle East often find that what they are actually wanted for is prostitution.

ALSO

A new, monthly, book review column. And a revised Women in Sport column.

MIDWIFE DADS

In a remarkable experiment being tried out in an American hospital, fathers deliver their own babies. "There's not much to it," says the originator of the scheme. "Anyone can deliver a baby."

Peter Bridge

Expectant fathers are delivering their own babies in a remarkable experiment at a Pennsylvania hospital.

A doctor stands by during the birth, but he acts as no more than a supervisor. The parents do all the work as he issues instructions and encouragement, ready to step in if needed.

It's the idea of Dr. William Hazlett, head of obstetrics at the Nesbitt Memorial Hospital in Kingston, and he has supervised more than 1,000 of these deliveries without a mishap. The father deliveries strengthen the psychological bond between the father, mother and child, he says.

"Studies have shown," Dr. Hazlett said, "that the mother develops even greater esteem for the father.

"We've taken it that much further and I believe it strengthens that link even more. The truth is, anyone can deliver a baby. If everything goes all right, there's not much to it."

All of the parents undergo traditional natural childbirth classes. Dr. Hazlett's patients have the choice of listening to him on their visits, or attending a seven-week course sponsored by the hospital.

Other doctors have not acclaimed Dr. Hazlett's policy but neither have they criticized it. To date, the Nesbitt Hospital or Dr. Hazlett's office across the street are the only places in the country where fathers deliver their babies as a matter of routine.

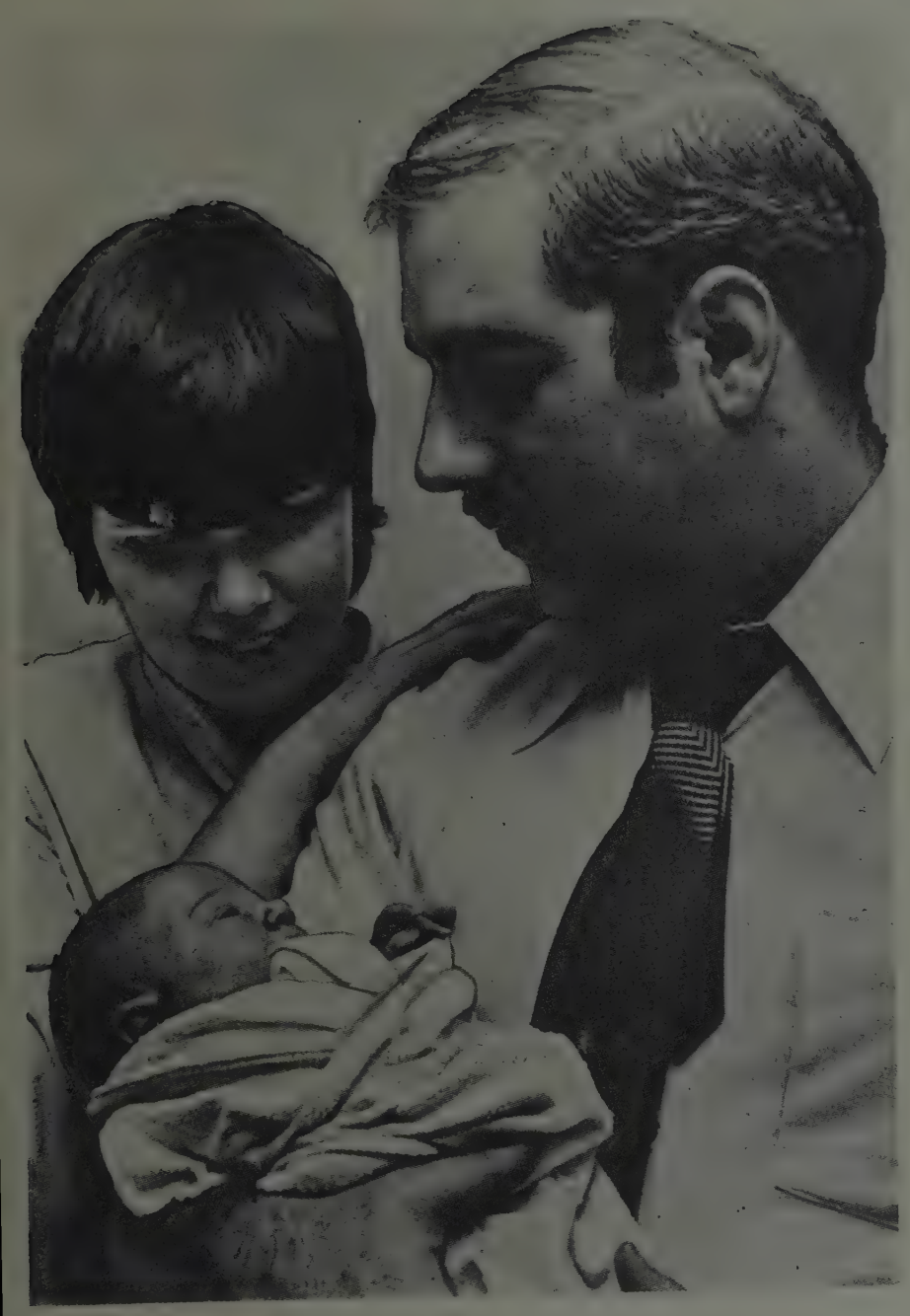
"I don't criticize, and other doctors don't criticize," Dr Hazlett said. "They consider me a competent doctor and I consider them likewise."

He began father deliveries ten years ago as an experiment and has continued them because he believes they work to the advantage of the family.

He even allows couples to deliver children in his medical office. Four hours later, mother, father and baby are on their way home.

LEFT: A new Dad severs his daughter's umbilical cord. The baby was born kicking and screaming.

BELOW: John and Irene Collins with daughter Jenna. This was John's second delivery. "I guess you get better with practice," he said.



LEFT: Diane and Brian Kelly admiring their effort. Of his three children, this was Brian's first delivery.

The hospital deliveries are done in a regular room, not the traditional delivery room. The father rarely changes to surgical dress and wears no mask or gloves.

"There has been talk of the lack of sterile control in a hospital room," Dr. Hazlett said "but we've proved that there are no more germs there than in the delivery room."

Dr. Hazlett, who has supervised more than 120 father deliveries, said: "We've only had one father keel over." That was John Collins, a lanky, bearded youth counsellor who had just delivered his second child, eight pounds Jenna Lynn.

"I guess you get better with practice," John joked. "The first time I kept slumping over, though I always woke up whenever I was needed. This time it was easy."

He and his pretty blond wife, Irene, were bubbly about their joint delivery. "We made the baby together, why shouldn't we bring it into the world together?" Irene said. "It seems only natural to me."

Sharing the room with Mrs. Collins was Diane Kelly. Michelle was the first of her three children to be delivered by the father, Brian.

"It was beautiful," Diane said. "I had two delivered by doctors, but I wouldn't have it any other way than this now."

Kathy Hawk's first child, a boy whom they named James Christopher, was delivered by father Jim. The two were blurry-eyed from lack of sleep, but ecstatic over the birth. "There's nothing like it," said Jim as he snuggled close to his young wife and the tiny pink baby.

"I just feel like singing."

Edward and Anna Marie Salyko arrived at Nesbitt the night before their girl-child Yvonne Marie was born. The bearded construction worker was as serious as a weightlifter going for a record as he contemplated the impending birth.

By the next morning, however, Ed had scrubbed up and was dutifully waiting for the first appearance of his baby's head as the doctor hovered attentively. He was dressed in the clothes he wore to the hospital.

"Place your hands under the head," intoned Dr. Hazlett gently.

"Now help her. Lift the baby."

The tiny infant let out a yell a second after she had drawn her first breath. Ed's eyes filled with tears.

"Ooh, ooh," cried the mother, as she tried unsuccessfully to pull the baby towards her. "Let me have her. Isn't she wonderful?"

Ed, his voice crackling with emotion, put his head near the newborn baby and tried to soothe her.

"What's the matter?" he said lightly. "Don't cry." A tear from each of his eyes.

Dr. Hazlett handed the new father a white plastic clamp and instructed him to place it on the umbilical cord an inch from the baby. His voice was now solid and instructive, and he handed Ed the scissors and told him where to cut.

How did the young father feel after delivering his child?

"There's nothing on earth like it," Ed replied, a satisfied grin on his face. "It was wonderful."

WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

Wives, would you let your husband deliver your baby? Husbands, would you trust yourself to do the job even in a hospital with a doctor standing by?

Most women today give birth in a hospital delivery room, drugged into near-unconsciousness and surrounded by masked doctors and nurses.

It wasn't always so. But even in the days when children were delivered at home by a doctor or midwife, the father of the child was barred from the room.

Many women still don't want their husbands to see them "at their worst" — straining, grimacing, groaning. Many men would just as soon not watch their wives suffer the birth pangs.

Even in recent years, since the so-called natural birth deliveries have become popular, the husband stays with his wife only while she is in labour. When the moment of delivery comes, he is sent out to pace the halls.

The newest trend of allowing the father to actually deliver his own baby under the doctor's supervision is an extension of this togetherness.

Some couples feel that sharing the birth experience as completely as possible strengthens their union and has psychological benefits for them and the child.

Others say that they do not love each other and the child any less because they choose not to involve the father in the actual birth.

Then there is the question of the father's competence as a midwife. True, men have delivered babies in an emergency situation. But few are really trained for it.

SHOULD dad learn to be a midwife? Or should the job be left to the mother and her doctor?

What do YOU THINK?

Christina Kirk

TAXIS: CURSE

There are over 25,000 taxis in Bombay, but few people have anything good to say about the service offered. A passenger is as wary of a cabbie as he would be of a con man. Cabbies say they have their difficulties with passengers too

Jyoti Lajmi

Bombay boasts of the best transport system in India, with its numerous bus routes and suburban trains. Yet taxis have become indispensible to the Bombay commuter. Numbering over 25,000 they swarm the city roads round the clock, an average taxi logging around 150 km. a day. Surprisingly, the commuter in Bombay appears to find it as difficult to get a taxi as it is to usher his way to a crowded 'limited' bus or to a suburban train during the morning and evening peak hours.

About 10,000 of the taxis are owner-driven and the rest are driven by employee-drivers. The number of owner-driven taxis has increased considerably after commercial banks started advancing 85 per cent of the cost of the vehicle (Rs. 37,500 at present for a well-known Bombay-made model) repayable in 60 monthly instalments. A cabbie who drives his vehicle earns an average of Rs. 100 per day or Rs. 2,500 per month after petrol, oil and incidental expenses. Of this, he has to pay about Rs. 1,000 towards repayment of the bank-loan, insurance and taxes. He also has to set aside about Rs. 300 for repairs and maintenance, leaving a balance of Rs. 1,200 per month. The older the taxi, of course, the higher the cost of maintenance, and a major breakdown can wipe out all the cabbie's savings. The taxi is the sole means of livelihood for almost all owner-driver taximen.

On the other hand, the taxi business constitutes only a side activity for most of the non-driving taxi owners. An employee-driver pays the owner 20 per cent of the net daily earnings, which works out at Rs. 20 a day or Rs. 500 per month, out of which the owner has to pay for the maintenance, repairs and taxes. The balance of Rs. 80 per day or Rs. 2,000 per month is shared by two or three of the employee-drivers who share the taxi, each of whom thus earns about Rs. 700 to Rs. 1,000 per month on the average. It is clear that whether he is an owner-driver or an employee-driver, the cabbie earns a reasonably good sum of money from the taxi business.

ABOVE: The taxis are concentrated in the city's posher areas. Here the trips are shorter and tips better.

RIGHT: So many taxis, yet there never seems to be any around when one needs it, particularly in the city's suburbs.

OR BOON?

Bombay's 40,000 taximen have organized themselves into about five unions, of which two account for the majority, with about 18,000 members each. These are the Bombay Taximen's Union and the Bombay Taxi Association. The primary activities of unions are government liaison and attending to members' grievances. They also help their members with legal advice whenever necessary. Another important role of the unions appears to be organizing demonstrations and protests in support of the taximen's cause. However, the rival unions have rarely been able to see eye to eye on any issue, resulting in lack of adequate support and of unanimity for furthering the cause.

A few months ago, the Bombay cabbie had been in the limelight with a well-publicized exchange of allegations and counter-allegations with the metropolitan police. The controversy began with a spate of complaints against the taximen's refusal to ply short distances. The cabbies countered this with the charge that the police indulged in favouritism with some of the taximen at the airport and the major railway stations for a consideration. The incident culminated in a two-day strike by a section of the taximen.

"I hailed it first!" During peak hours several people rushing towards one taxi is a familiar sight. Petty quarrels result.

A frequent complaint of passengers is that cabbies refuse short-distance trips and evening trips from the city to the suburbs or vice versa. If at all you manage to board a taxi whose driver is unwilling to go short-distance, one of the following two things is likely to happen, according to experienced commuters: The cabbie tries the 'no-change' act at the destination, so that if a two-rupee note has been given by the passenger for a Rs. 1.80 fare, the cabbie convincingly empties his pockets and returns ten or fifteen paise, thus pocketing the additional few paise. Alternatively, the passenger may find, a few seconds after starting the trip, that the cab engine has suddenly stalled and refuses to restart. The hapless passenger goes in search of another taxi. No sooner does he vacate the cab than he finds the 'stalled' engine restart, and the cabbie zooms off before his startled eyes in search of a long-distance passenger!

The cabbie, however, says that there are several 'genuine' reasons why he may refuse a passenger short-distance or otherwise. "We make more money in short-distance trips," says Rohinton Bodhanwalla, an owner-driver. "So if a cabbie refuses a fare, it's for a good reason. Often, a passenger wants to go to an isolated place from where it is difficult to get a return fare, or to a congested place like Bhuleshwar where a cabbie may find himself stuck for hours in a traffic jam. A cabbie may also refuse to go to a street with no parking, no turns or no U-turn, as in such cases he is forced to keep on travelling without a fare after the passenger alights."

"A taxi driver is a businessman like any other," says Srikanth Shetty, an employee-driver who has been driving a taxi for the last 12 years. He gets 18 paise per two minutes of waiting time compared to 72 paise per two minutes of running time. Naturally, he likes to keep his taxi running — the longer the better.

Most taximen want to go home in the evenings to their families or to the owner's garage to hand the taxi over to the night-shift driver. At such a time you cannot blame them for refusing to take a passenger who wants to go in the opposite direction.

Another of the favourite stunts of the taximen, according to Avinash Gore, a regular commuter to Bombay from Pune, is the 'rupee note' trick which is normally executed only at dawn or at dusk when visibility is poor. Suppose the fare is Rs. 8, the passenger will naturally give the cabbie a ten-rupee note which the latter drops to the

Continued on page 42

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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

LALITH RAO

SCIENTIST LOST IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Susheela Misra

Music and dance require four kinds of people — gifted and persevering pupils, dedicated and large-hearted gurus, discerning **rasikas,** and musicologists. When a talented student learns at the feet of a really great and selfless teacher, their contributions to music are bound to be recognized sooner or later. This is the case with young Lalith Rao who is already an AIR performing artiste, and her Ustad, Khadim Hussain Khan, a leading and versatile exponent of the Agra gharana whose 50-odd years of service to music have at last been recognized through a coveted award from the Maharashtra government.

In the early 1940s a beautiful and brilliant young girl, Krishna Udyavarkar, had created a sensation in the music-world by appearing on the AIR's National Programme of Music while she was doing her M.A. in Lucknow University. In those days, the National Programme was an honour granted only to outstanding musicians. Krishna hit the headlines for another reason as well. The Agra gharana is a thoroughly masculine style suitable for rich baritone voices like Ustad Faiyaz Khan's. Krishna had received her training from Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan and emerged as a polished exponent of this gharana. Somehow, this robust style sounded so appealing and impressive in Krishna's melodious voice and charming presentation. Unfortunately, at the peak of her promising career, she disappeared like a meteor out of the musical firmament for some strange reasons. For the Ustad who had put his heart and soul into training this gifted young pupil, this was a heart-breaking event over which he has not ceased grieving through all these years.

And then in 1970, another charming and highly educated girl from Bangalore stepped into the gap left by Krishna Udyavarkar, and the ageing Ustad is once again filled with the joy of passing on his musical treasures to a devoted shishya. By a strange coincidence, Krishna Udyavarkar is the aunt of Lalith's husband, Jayavant Rao.

Born in 1943 into a music-loving family in Bangalore, Lalith had shown distinct signs of being fond of classical music even as a toddler. Her parents recall how at the age of three she had sat fascinated through an entire recital of Ustad Faiyaz Khan. At ten, she was put under the training of Pdt. Rama Rao Naik, a disciple of Swami Vallabhdashji and Ustad Ata Hussain (son of **"Daraspiya"** and brother-in-law of Ustad Faiyaz Khan). She went through the music lessons in a most half-hearted manner as she was more interested in her school studies and sports, in both of which she excelled. The teacher's patient coaching was rewarded when Lalith topped in the music competitions of the Sur Singar Samsad, Bombay, in 1957. She got excellent press reviews when at the age of 14 she gave a remarkable recital in the Swami Haridas Sangeet Sammelan in the same year.

In spite of all these encouraging opportunities, Lalith's mind was still set on an Engineering career in pursuit of which she gave up her music lessons and practice for nearly ten precious years. Brilliant in studies, Lalith took her B.Sc in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, and then her B. E. from the All-India Institute of Sciences, Bangalore, (in Electronics, and Electrical Communications) with distinction (over 75 per cent). Later, she won a coveted scholarship to go to the University of New Brunswick in Canada, from where she returned with a Master's Degree for her Research on "Elimination of Cross-talk in Myo-Electric Control Systems".

I asked Lalith the question which everyone asks her: "After bagging all those high degrees, why did you give up an engineering career and take up music?"

Lalith: "On my return from Canada, I got married and went to stay in Delhi where my husband (an engineer) had a fairly small job. I knew that my taking up a job would make life more comfortable for us. I was full of enthusiasm. Armed with the fresh Master's degree from Canada, I confidently and hopefully tried for a job in the C.S.I.R. Scientific Pool, and in several other Government of India organizations. I was appalled by the red-tapism and the discouraging response from officials. One man in the C.S.I.R. went to the extent of rudely condemning me for going abroad to specialize in 'unheard of' subjects, and ridiculed me for expecting to get a job in this speciality in India! On the one hand, I was getting these snubbings from insolent officers, and on the other, my husband was continuously coaxing me to take up music seriously because he is more passionately fond of classical music than I am. He kept assuring me that I would shine in the musical line. I was in a dilemma. At my husband's insistence, I resumed my music learning under Pdt. Dinkar Kaikini (a distinguished disciple of Dr. S. N. Ratanjankar) who brought me back into the classical mood. Surprisingly, I got a fairly good grading in the AIR auditions. But then my music was again interrupted when my husband was transferred to Madras and our son was born. In January 1970, we were transferred to Bombay where Ustad Khadim Hussain Khan came into our lives, and I have never looked back since."

"Were not the years you spent on acquiring the Engineering degrees a sheer waste, since you have completely abandoned the idea of a career in Engineering?"

Lalith: "In a way, yes. But my consolation is that it gave me the opportunity to travel extensively in the U.S.A., Europe, and Canada. All this was quite an education and experience that broadened my outlook."

"How did your Ustad remove the musical cobwebs, and train you to become a concert artiste?"

Lalith: "My Ustad started me virtually from scratch with all the basic ragas, correcting my angularities and perfecting each **bandish.** He taught me to concentrate on only those **angs** suited for a female voice, and he emphasized on correct sur-ka-lagaav and accuracy in **laya.** His actual demonstrations of ragas are so crystal clear and his **bandishes** are real gems. A fine **vagyayakar,** he has composed lovely songs in many ragas like **Ram Gowri, Lalita Gowri, Hindoli, Khem Kalyan, Deepak Kedara, Bihagda, Bihag,** etc. Most of his khayals are about Lord Krishna whom he adores. His pen-name is 'Sajan Piya'. He has taught me Dhrupad, Dhamar, Khayal, Thumri, Dadra, Hori, Tarana, etc. in well over 100 ragas, but these are only minute drops in the vast musical ocean in which he swims. So far, I have calculated that my Ustad has retained in his memory some 400 ragas. It will take me more than 200 years to absorb all that he learnt from

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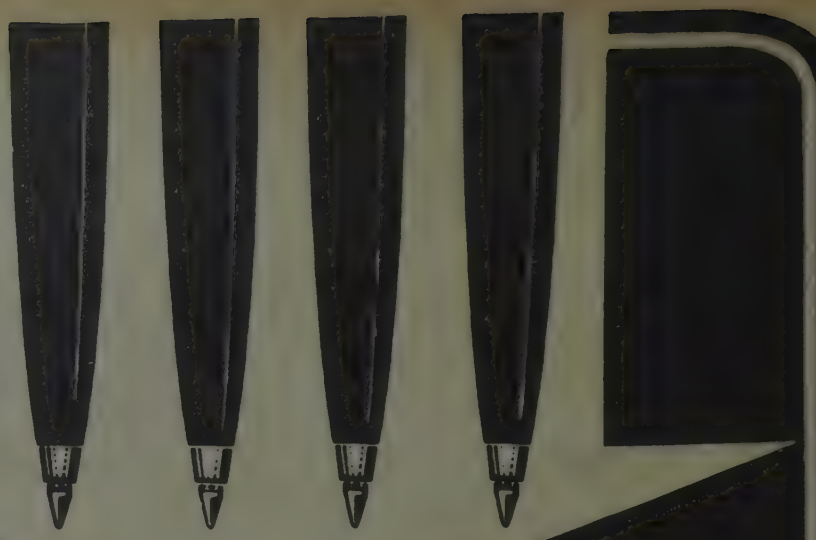
FIRST TIME IN INDIA!



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SIMPLE:

"I am as talented as Dimple"

Jyothi Venkatesh

Isn't it ironical that Simple who had once turned down Dev Anand's offer to play the leading lady in his 'Des Pardes' should today agree to play second fiddle to Tina Munim, who later bagged the role which Simple had declined, in not one but two films of Dev Anand?

I asked Simple about it. She shrugged her shoulders and confessed that she could not accept Dev's offer then because she was committed to Shakti Samanta for his 'Anurodh' and hence couldn't take up any other offer till 'Anurodh' was completed and released. And since Rajesh Khanna was the Superstar then, Simple didn't have any second thoughts when she turned down Dev's offer.

Simple has no regrets that she accepted Dev's offer to work in his 'Loot Maar' and 'Man Pasand' though she is aware that the focus in both the films will be on Tina. "You have got to compromise when stardom is your goal. Isn't it better to take up a next-to-important role in a big banner film than saddle yourself with assignments as the leading lady in films which may not even see the light of the day?" She has a point there. Because quite a few of her films have been lying in the cans awaiting release. Like her 'Bin Baap Ka Beta' with Amol Palekar, which was completed three years ago.

Was being Dimple's sister a help or did it come in the way of her bagging films, I asked. "It has been both advantageous as well as disadvantageous having Dimple as my sister. It was because I am Dimple's sister that Shakti Samanta gave me a break in his 'Anurodh' opposite Rajesh Khanna. And it was because I am Dimple's sister that Rajesh agreed to work with me. But in the long run I find that the disadvantages far outweigh the advantages because everyone tends to compare me with Dimple forgetting the fact that Dimpi got the break of her life in 'Bobby' in the title role under the direction of Raj Kapoor, while my role in 'Anurodh' was just an ordinary one. Mine wasn't a title role like Dimple's in 'Bobby'."

Is it true that Dimple doesn't like the idea of Simple in films? "Nonsense. On the contrary, Dimple often guides me about my roles. She advises me what to wear for which role and how to carry myself. My only regret is that I just cannot hope to work in a film alongwith Dimpi, at least to prove that I am as talented as her, so that people will stop comparing us."

Simple is confident that Rajesh Khanna will revive his 'Majnoon' soon. "I have a beautiful role in 'Majnoon'. And mind you, Rajesh offered me the role not because I happen to be his sister-in-law, but because the character demanded the casting. Though I have worked with Rajesh in both 'Anurodh' and 'Chakravyooh', I liked my role in the latter. Even though it is a deglamourized role of a doctor who falls in love with Rajesh who is already involved with Neetu Singh, Basu Chatterji has extracted the best out of me in 'Chakravyooh'."

Simple is thrilled about her role in a Tamil film called 'Kizhakkum Merkkum' opposite Jaishankar, the James Bond of the South. She says she took up the role not because she doesn't get any Hindi film offers these days, but because "one rarely gets roles where one can dominate throughout in the kind of films that are being made in Bombay these days."

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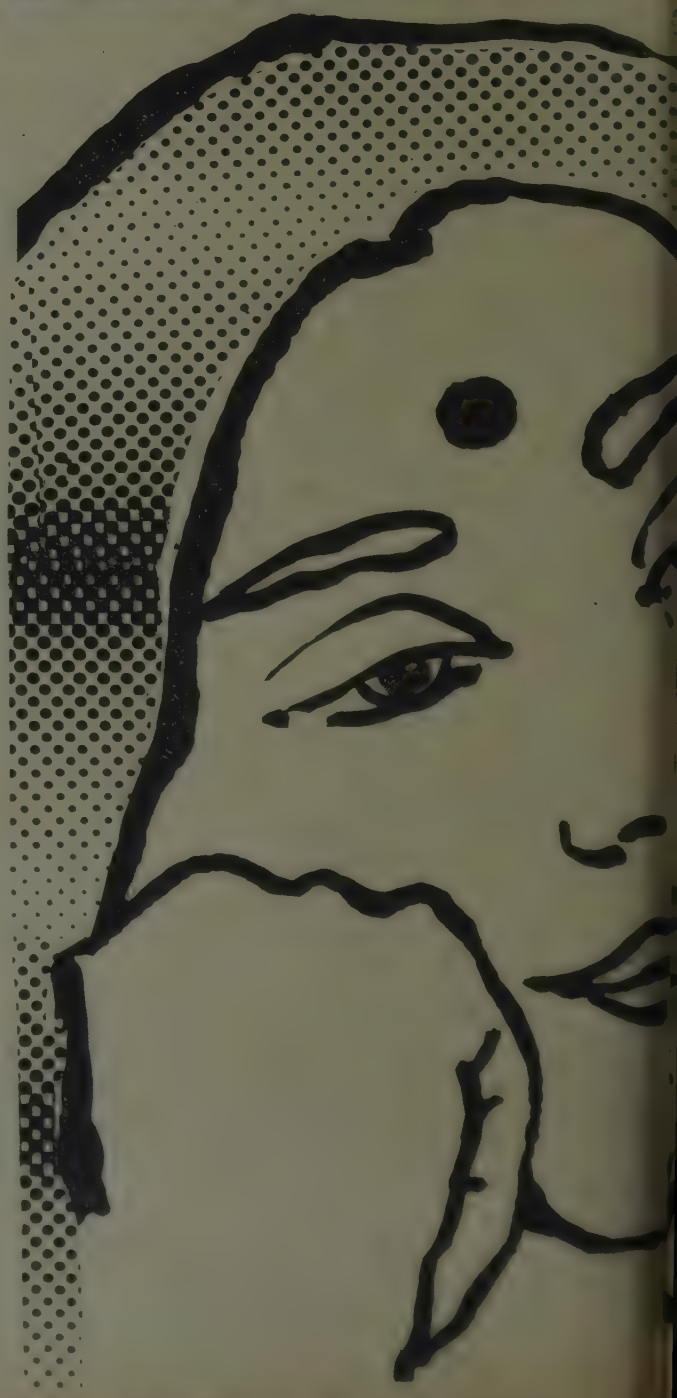
HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

A Mother Remembers...

Narrated by **Usha R. Sheth**
Retold by **Shailaja Ganguly**



She was a warm-hearted vivacious girl, interested in dancing, in people. She was the joy of her family. She wanted to become a doctor. And then one day....

A sparkling girl rejoicing in the heady promise of 'tomorrows' is stalked by Death — till she sheds her glow, speck by speck and the battle is irrevocably lost. . . leaving behind a trail of tears, unkept resolutions and an endless ache.

You see it on stage or screen, read it in a novel — and dismiss it as a tear-jerking, overplayed theme. But what happens when this very storm looms on your horizon threatening to uproot your compact existence? Retold below is the stirring tale of a brave daughter, from whom the bereaved mother has drawn the strength to look back.

Nita and Usha were crossing the road. Suddenly, Usha realized that her daughter was not hopping by her side. Glancing behind, her heart turned over — for there was Nita, seemingly stuck to the middle of the road while the roaring traffic swirled all round her. In a haze, Usha grabbed her, hailed a cab and rushed home. The doctor prescribed a couple of tablets and told them not to worry.

But the seeds of anxiety had been sown. What was wrong with her sprightly child? Why was she becoming so silent, so withdrawn, so different? What was this rash, fever and joint pain that she got off and on? What made a girl, who could dance in abandon for hours, complain that she felt tired all the time? The memory of a news-item she had read stirred within Usha. She remembered reading about this dancer called Tony who had been struck by the dreaded Systemic lupus Erythematosus (SLE for short). SLE is a cousin of rheumatoid arthritis, it inflames and progressively cripples the nervous system, disfigures the skin and damages the brain. SLE is also, nearly always, fatal.

Usha secretly devoured heaps of medical books and journals and kept an anxious watch. Nita was in the ninth standard now. One day her temperature shot up to 104 degrees. She also had a terrible pain down her back and began to gasp for breath. Initially, the doctor tried to dismiss it as "psychological", but when the symptoms persisted she was hospitalized for a check-up.

There she made friends with a courageous seven-year-old boy who also had the same disease. He stilled her panic when she was introduced to the unwieldy E.C.G. unit, by explaining that it was a camera that took a movie of her heartbeats. When the little boy died the following afternoon, Nita had her first glimpse of the foe she had to combat.

Six days later, she was home. Her lungs had dried up and her heart had been saved —but what a difference there was in her looks! The chiselled features, the deep dimples were all mauled by the cortisone-drug therapy and her face had bloated up like a pumpkin, while a thick film of hair had sprouted all over her glossy skin. But she had got a new lease on life and the family was grateful.

And so life went on. Usha took up the threads of her life again and went back to her dress-designing and the social work she did at a destitute home, Alpa went back to her school and Ramesh, the fond father, to his tour-packed job. And Nita went back to being her sensitive, warm-hearted self, always worrying for others, telling them she was not feeling so bad, that she had lots of fight in her and lots of plans. Her big victory came the day she stood fifth in class. For six months before that she had been chained to her bed, with fever and rash, swallowing and speaking with the greatest difficulty. There was great cheer in the house and Usha even began to consider Nita's insistent plea that she wanted to resume her dancing. But the bouts of temperature, pain and burning eyes began to recur throughout her determined progress to the new S.S.C. class. Usha pestered the doctor to tell her the truth, while he brushed off her curiosity by assurances that he was doing his best.

Usha's fears began to deepen and she stopped going out altogether. But the year passed in relative peace and the results of the exam announced that Nita had got 74 per cent! When Nita clamoured that she wanted to become a doctor, Usha could only pray that her dreams would come true because she herself had lost all confidence to plan for the future.

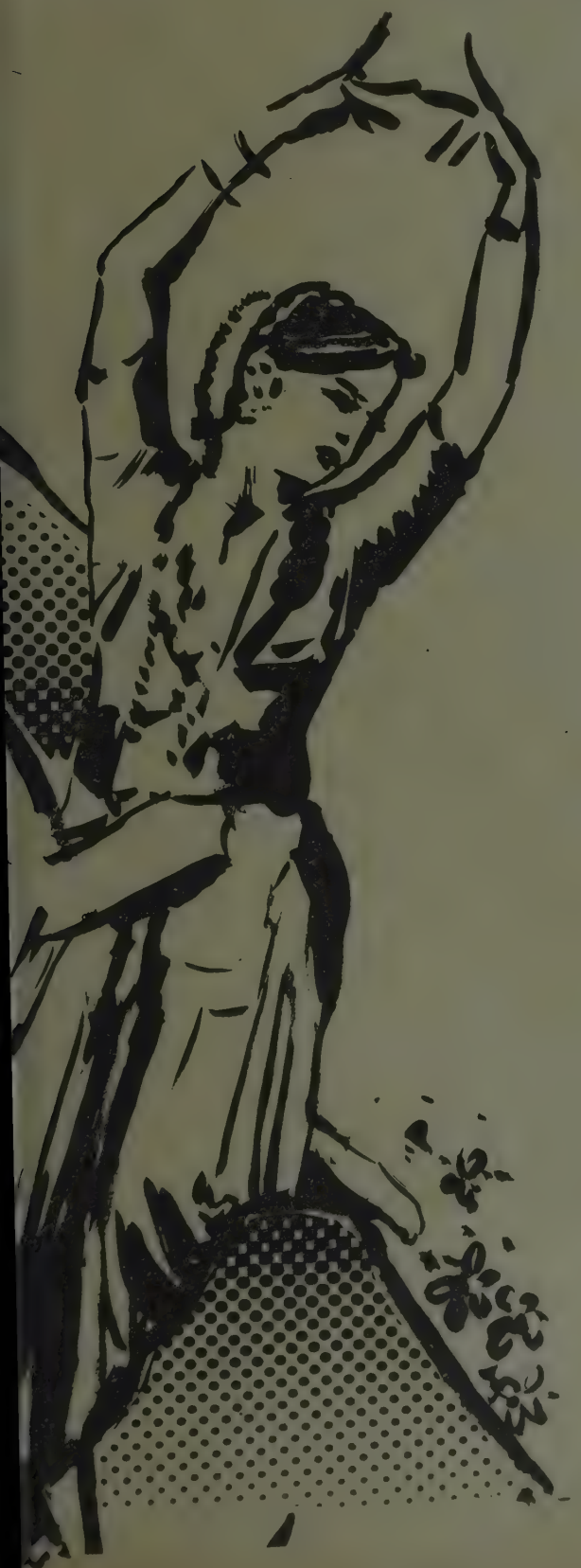
Gradually getting intoxicated by the awareness of her beauty, the Little Narcissus, as Usha used to tease Nita, was soon lost in a whirl of shopping and dressmaking to stock her college wardrobe. The doctor promised that they could stop the cortisone completely if the year passed uneventfully. But the monster was just lying low. Barely four months later, it attacked with renewed fury. Disfiguring lumps appeared on her face and legs and poor Nita dabbed on layers of foundation to conceal the butterfly-shaped rash from her mother's probing eyes. After her exams, however, Nita dropped her pretense and begged Usha to do something for her appearance and Usha hopped from one branch of medicine to another in vain.

But Nita was no defeatist. If she could not become a doctor, she would educate herself in the household arts. So friends came over, there were experimental cook-

ery sessions, whispers, laughter and 'mad-hatter tea parties', followed by furious stitching or painting sessions.

Again the graph rose and fell. She did well in her exams, but soon after, went through a torturous fortnight tossing with high fever and with red spots all over her body. But as soon as it subsided there she was at her window jumping excitedly at the sight of a new bird and listing it meticulously in her diary. When the doctor prescribed an increase in cortisone to counteract the loss of protein in the urine, Usha was speechless with horror. That evening, Nita was the stronger one. She read the message in her mother's eyes, came to her and held her close for a long time.

Even when she was imprisoned in bed, Nita continued to spread sunshine in other people's lives. She never forgot a birthday. She was the first to congratulate a friend on her success in sports or on topping the class. To kill the boredom of summer afternoons, Usha began to teach Nita and her pal Jyotsna to sketch and paint; the three of them had tremendous fun giggling over the effeminate men and the ghastly amazons that they drew. In July, Nita had a noisy party to celebrate her getting admission in an engineering college. That was the last time gay chatter filled her room. Because soon after, she developed a kidney problem and could stomach only milk and fruit. Again and again she told her doting, bewildered father to take care of her mother. It seemed as if she had had an uncanny peep into the future and was warning her parents of their imminent loss.



All through those tense nights she became Usha's little baby again, clinging to her, gripped by a fear of the unknown, scared of the stillness of the night. She would repeatedly pick up a book and test her vision or her grasping ability.

Then came the cloudy Monday morning when she began vomiting violently. As the ambulance sped through the streets, Nita told Usha that she was feeling peaceful. She also remembered to thank the kind old doctor who had done so much for her. Usha was sitting by her bedside in the hospital room when Nita suddenly exclaimed that now she was very, very happy. With a jerk all the needles sprang off her veins, her eyes rolled up, the tongue turned blue and her palm went limp in Usha's hand. She did not need help anymore.

Phone calls, letters, visits. . . like a tidal wave they have washed over the bereaved household. Ramesh, Alpa and Usha now treasure the memories gathered over 17 years — a chipped nail, a lock of hair but most of all Nita's indomitable enthusiasm to seek alternative outlets of self-expression when physical incapacity blocked her soaring ambitions. When grief threatens to overwhelm the family draws strength from a touching poem that a gentle lady of 80 so thoughtfully sent to them:-

"I'll lend you for a little while
A child of mine He said
For you to love while he lives
And mourn for when he is dead
I cannot promise he will stay
Since all from earth return
But there are lessons taught down there
I want the child to learn
I have looked the wide world over
In my search for teacher true
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes
I have selected you
Now will you give him all your love
Nor think the labour vain
Nor hate me when I come to call
To take him back again
I fancied that I hear them say
Dear Lord Thy will be done
For all the joy Thy child shall bring
The risk of grief we'll run."

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT EXERCISE

We **all** need daily exercise. The body remains strong only if it is used. Those parts involved in our usual daily routine remain in reasonably good tone; the parts we don't use get weaker.

Robert Spackman

Bodily exercise profiteth little: but godliness is profitable unto all things.

St. Paul

If people didn't eat so much they wouldn't need so much exercise.

Gene Tunney

Look at the animals: most of them take no exercise at all. Furthermore, the particular species that do go in for exercise have the shortest life span.

George Jean Nathan

I believe in vigorous physical exercise — for other people.

Robert M. Hutchins

The wise, for cure, on exercise depend.

John Dryden

When I feel like exercising, I just lie down until the feeling goes away.

Paul Terry

About the only exercise some folk take is jumping to conclusions.

George Barker

Violent exercise is like a cold bath. You think it does you good because you feel better when you stop.

Robert Quillen

The best reducing exercise is to shake the head violently from side to side when offered a second helping.

Kay Finch

Is any single exercise best for all decades of life? Most authorities will say it is swimming.

Curtis Mitchell

The excessive worship of the great god Exercise will seem as wierd to our descendants as the excessive piety of our ancestors now seems to some of us.

Bruce Barton

Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise everyday.

William James

Compiled by David Gunston

SYMPHONY IN METAL

The first item that catches the eye when you enter Etty Netto's cottage is the unusual wrought iron wall-decoration-cum-lamp in the patio. There are other accessories in the drawing room: coffee table, lamps, wall plaques, dining table with matching chairs, flower pot holders and several knick knacks.

Mother of three grown-up children, Etty is a versatile Bombay-based housewife. In her leisure hours, she paints and teaches Ikebana. What started as a hobby with her has now turned into a lucrative profession. Brimming with ideas, she used to fashion little wrought iron articles for home and gift-giving. So much were they appreciated that Etty was flooded with offers. She has been designing and manufacturing these for several years.

At her first solo exhibition in the city a variety of items are on view: candle stands, fruit bowls, Ikebana vases, lamps, dining table with chairs, trolleys and garden furniture including fountains — in wrought iron combined with cast aluminium and decorative fittings. They are in oxidised finish or painted white and suit any setting. Some have been featured here.

Has she thought of entering the export market? "I am already executing orders for some West Asian countries. Since the items are all hand-crafted, it takes time to complete them," said Etty.

The exhibition is on at the Aakar Art Gallery — January 12, 13, 14.

Photographs Ferrous Exports

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

ONION AND VEGETABLE FLAN

Flan crust or biscuit crust is a richer, sweetened type of shortcrust pastry well-suited for a quick meal or party treats. SUSHILLA VASWANI'S stepwise cookery will help you in flan making with varied fillings of your choice.

1½ cups flour (maida); A pinch of salt; 50 grams butter (frozen); ice cold water to knead.

FOR THE FILLING :

3 large onions, cut lengthwise; 100 grams carrots, sliced and boiled; 100 grams beans, sliced and boiled; 100 grams potatoes, sliced and boiled; ½ cup tomato sauce; ½ cup cheese, grated; 1 tsp. chilli sauce; 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce; ½ cup oil; Salt to taste.

FOR THE FILLING

Heat the oil. Fry the onions light brown. Add all the sauces, boiled vegetables and salt. Mix well and cook for five to seven minutes. Fill the flan with this vegetable filling.

(Any non-vegetarian filling of your choice may be substituted for the vegetable filling).

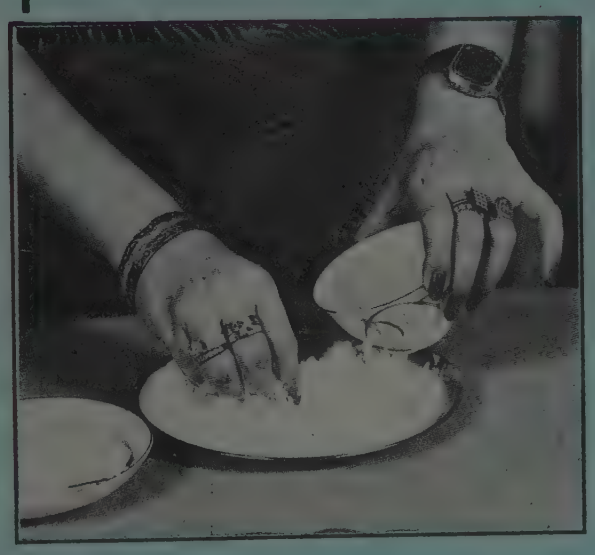
1. Sieve the flour. Add salt and the frozen butter. Rub in softly with fingertips till it resembles breadcrumbs. Add ice-cold water and form into dough. Keep the dough in the refrigerator or over ice-cubes for 10 minutes. Roll out into ½ inch thick chappati. (You can make two flans out of this dough).

2. Press the edges of the chappati with fingertips. Bake in the oven on a medium temperature for 15 minutes. Remove and cool.

3. Put the vegetable filling in the centre of the flan. Spread out evenly and sprinkle grated cheese on top. Bake in the oven on a medium temperature for 20 minutes.

4. Sprinkle grated cheese and decorate with tomato rings.

1



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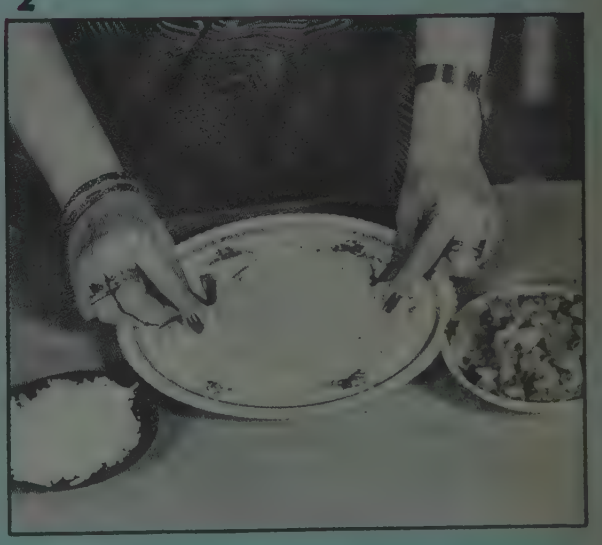

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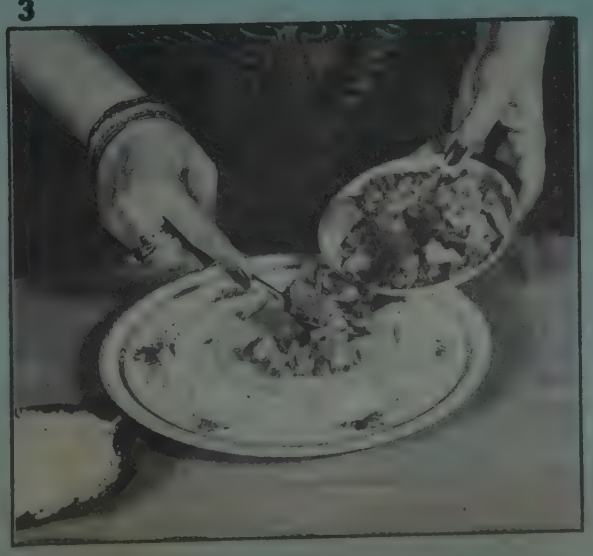

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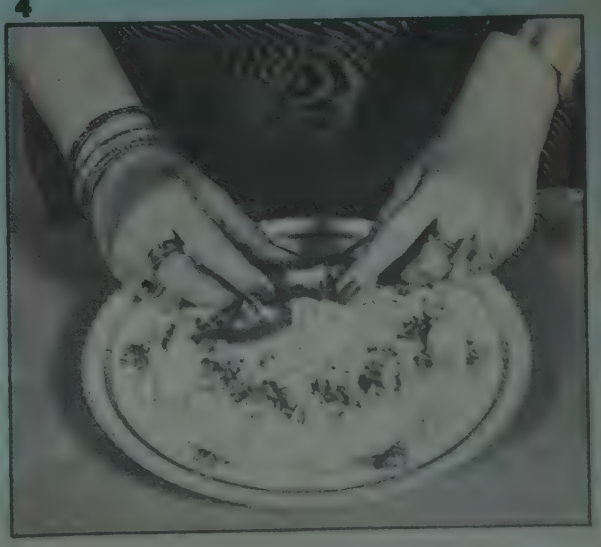

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

You'll make an attractive Air hostess but...

I WAS SO KEEN ON THE AIR HOSTESS JOB. EAGERLY I SET OFF FOR MY FIRST INTERVIEW
YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB AND ATTRACTIVE TOO, BUT UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN!
SHE WAS RIGHT. WHY DID MY SKIN HAVE TO LOOK SO DULL AND LIFELESS
WHEN MY AIR HOSTESS FRIEND HEARD -
LISTEN MEENA, I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED BEFORE YOUR FINAL INTERVIEW-ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK
IF YOU CLEANSE YOUR SKIN REGULARLY WITH ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK ITS DULLNESS WILL CLEAR
LOOK HOW IT REMOVES THE STALE MAKE-UP AND HIDDEN DIRT THAT SOAP DOESN'T WASH AWAY. NATURALLY YOUR SKIN LOOKS GLOWING AND FRESH.
I USED ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I WENT FOR MY FINAL INTERVIEW
CONGRATULATIONS, THE JOB IS YOURS. AND REALLY WHAT A MARVELLOUS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SKIN!
IT'S HARD WORK BEING AN AIR HOSTESS - BUT LOTS OF FUN TOO. THANK YOU ANNE FRENCH FOR A LOVELY COMPLEXION - FOR EVERYTHING.
Anne French
DEEP CLEANSING MILK

174 DCM-154

Anne French **Deep Cleansing Milk for a clear, lovely skin.**

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Inserted by :

SHRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM

Dadar, Central Rly., Bombay-400 014

BEAUTY BULLETIN

APPLYING FOUNDATION

I am 17 and want to use a foundation because my skin is patchy. What shade should I buy and how should I apply it?

A.L. (Pune)

A foundation will cover your patchy complexion. It can also be used as a cover-up for slight blemishes and it makes your other make-up last longer too.

Choose one which is a shade or two darker than your skin tone. You can test it on the skin of your inner wrist.

When applying put a dot of foundation on your forehead, cheeks and chin and blend well. Don't apply it too thickly. Blend well from the hairline right down to the neckline so that no line of demarcation is visible. Use a dampened sponge to spread it evenly.

A cake foundation is best for an oily skin.

MAKE-UP WITH SPECTACLES

I wear spectacles. I would like to know what eye-make I should use. Is a heavy make-up better for me?

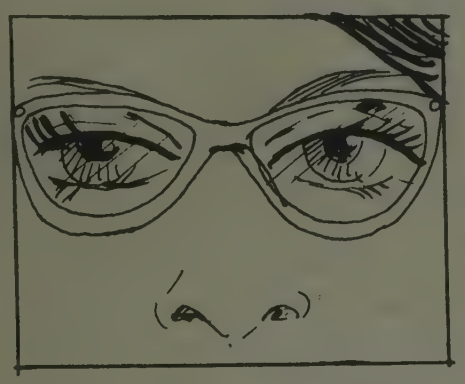
S.J. (Madras)

You should accentuate your eyes with make-up since you wear spectacles. Use a liner, eyeshadow and mascara to make your eyes look large and bright — otherwise they might get lost behind your glasses.

Keep your eyebrows plucked high and extend them lightly with an eye pencil.

You should select the right frame — one that suits you and enhances the beauty of your eyes.

ACCENT ON EYES



TO TRIM WAISTLINE

I am 22 and quite tall. I have a proportionate figure and attractive features but my waistline is my problem. Please suggest some good exercises to reduce it.

A.K. (Srinagar)

For your problem, exercises alone are not effective — you should combine them with a proper diet.

Here are some useful exercises for you. Do them regularly for a couple of months for good results.

Kneel and sit back on your feet holding arms out at sides, shoulder level. Pull in the middle muscles. Slowly bend to the right side and you stretch upwards with left arm to fingertips. Reach down with right hand trying to touch floor as far as possible. Come back to the starting position. Repeat on the left side.

While exercising, be sure to pull up strongly with the girdle muscles, and do not let the hips jut out at sides as you bend.

Sit on the floor with legs straight out in front of your body, hands clasped behind back, elbows bent. First pull strongly up and in with the middle muscles and hold, as you twist gently to the right, half way round and bending forward . . . but holding strong up-and-in pull, touch left elbow to left knee. Reverse action. Then touch elbow to alternate knee.

Now on your feet — bend to one side, then the other, centring the stretching action through the middle muscles.

ONCE AGAIN IN 1979

Eve's Weekly / sophistication boutique

ANNOUNCE

FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE CONTEST!

ALL PRIZES DOUBLED!

With the fantastic response from our readers to the Win-a-Wardrobe feature, we now give another chance to our readers to participate and win prizes worth Rs. 20,000 in the form of readymade garments.

Here's another chance for you to win a fabulous wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique — SOPHISTICATION — that creates fashions with YOU in mind. Look out for this feature every month and start collecting the coupons published. Out of 12 coupons in the year, a minimum of 10 coupons collected will entitle the sender to participate in the draw to be held by Eve's Weekly around January, 1980 after the 12th feature has been published.

YOU MAY BE THE LUCKY WINNER of the fantastic prizes in the form of high-fashion readymade garments of your choice from **SOPHISTICATION BOUTIQUE.** 1st Prize — Wardrobe valued at Rs. 10,000, 2nd Prize — Wardrobe valued at Rs. 5000, 3rd Price — Wardrobe valued at Rs. 3000; PLUS 10 consolation prizes of outfits valued at Rs. 200 each. The garments available for selection are specially made for housewives, mod young women and children.

A grand fashion show will be held by Sophistication Boutique and Eve's Weekly around March 1980 at which the first three winners will be invited and presented. The winners will receive 1st class railway fare to Delhi and back plus Rs. 200 each for expenses.

Start collecting your coupons from **January 20, 1979** issue. A minimum of 10 coupons out of serial numbers 1 to 12 should be sent in one lot to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

DO NOT SEND INDIVIDUAL COUPONS

The decision of the Management, Eve's Weekly Ltd., will be final.

Watch out for our feature in the issue dated January 20.

SKIRTS '79

Dinoo Vacha

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

A black and white printed skirt has a nine-inch red band at hem perked with a similar printed narrow band and braid. Team it with your favourite sweater.

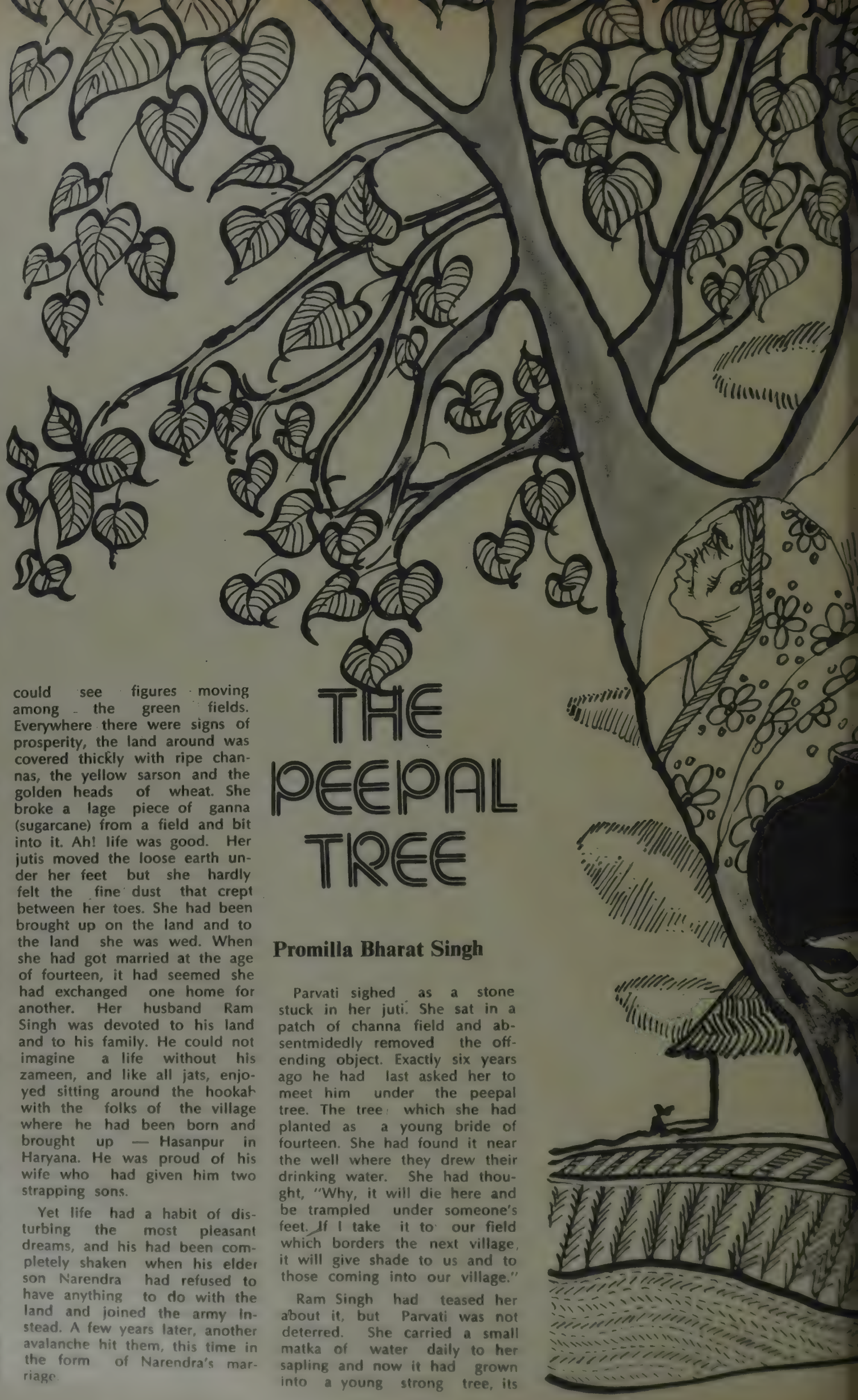
**Remnants make
colour and team
and edge with a
extra half metre**

skirt. Choose a lains and prints bing and lace. An natching scarf.

Diagonal stripes in cotton teamed with a broad lace. The blouse echoes the flounce of lace at neck edge.

Dainty cut lace fabric for an after six appointment. Lightly gathered skirt has blouse of the same fabric.

THE PEEPAL TREE



Promilla Bharat Singh

PARVATI bolted the door of the haveli behind her. She adjusted the matka containing lassi and the small brass bowls of sag and roti, one on top of the other on her head and drew her black odhni across her face. Only her eyes could be seen. They were black and deeply kohled.

Her figure was still slim and lithe and the red ghagri swung easily round her shapely legs. The thin white muslin shirt clung to her full breasts. She hastily covered them with her odhni as she called out to her friend living across their gali.

"Shanti, I am going to the fields with the food. Look after the buffalo and see no stray cat or dog enters the courtyard," she said as she slipped her feet into the black jutis.

The tall stately figure of her friend in a similar dress came striding out.

"Why? Is your husband not coming home for lunch? I hope all is well." Shanti had voiced her own disquiet. Why had Ram Singh asked her to meet him under the peepal tree? Ever since their elder son Narendra had got married he had come home in the afternoon for his meals and after a short nap left again in his tractor.

Parvati smiled briefly, "Who knows, he may be in a romantic mood."

Shanti's eyes twinkled in merriment. There was no doubt that Ram Singh was a fine speciment of manhood — he was a typical jat, tall, well-built and very good-looking. He was also noted for his passionate nature and fiery temper. Anything could happen with him and despite his age which was close on fifty, he looked as sensually alive as when he was twenty.

"Then beware. Anything can happen even now," Shanti's voice was full of meaning.

"Oh, go away. My sons are grown up and don't forget I am a dadi also." There was a tinge of bitterness in her voice as she remembered the grandchildren who rarely visted them. "And don't forget," she added shortly, "if Surendra comes, tell him that I have gone to give his father food and the key is lying in the usual place, under the fodder." She turned and took the path to the fields.

She looked around her and breathed deeply in the fresh cold air. It was January. She could see figures moving among the green fields. Everywhere there were signs of prosperity, the land around was covered thickly with ripe channas, the yellow sarson and the golden heads of wheat. She broke a lage piece of ganna (sugarcane) from a field and bit into it. Ah! life was good. Her jutis moved the loose earth under her feet but she hardly felt the fine dust that crept between her toes. She had been brought up on the land and to the land she was wed. When she had got married at the age of fourteen, it had seemed she had exchanged one home for another. Her husband Ram Singh was devoted to his land and to his family. He could not imagine a life without his zameen, and like all jats, enjoyed sitting around the hookah with the folks of the village where he had been born and brought up — Hasanpur in Haryana. He was proud of his wife who had given him two strapping sons.

Yet life had a habit of disturbing the most pleasant dreams, and his had been completely shaken when his elder son Narendra had refused to have anything to do with the land and joined the army instead. A few years later, another avalanche hit them, this time in the form of Narendra's marriage.

Parvati sighed as a stone stuck in her juti. She sat in a patch of channa field and absentmidedly removed the offending object. Exactly six years ago he had last asked her to meet him under the peepal tree. The tree which she had planted as a young bride of fourteen. She had found it near the well where they drew their drinking water. She had thought, "Why, it will die here and be trampled under someone's feet. If I take it to our field which borders the next village, it will give shade to us and to those coming into our village."

Ram Singh had teased her about it, but Parvati was not deterred. She carried a small matka of water daily to her sapling and now it had grown into a young strong tree, its

She had planted the peepal sapling when she had come to the village as a bride. Now she was a grandmother

branches spreading out wide and green.

It had been under the peepal tree that she had sat, sad and pensive that hot, airless day when Narendra's marriage had shaken the peace of their existence. Parvati had felt cold despite the heat of the day. She remembered her husband's face contorted with anger and frustration.

"Don't plead with me to understand him, your first born," he had said. "First he defied me and refused to help in the land. He joined the army instead.. . . Han, I know he has done well and is now a Captain but that does not mean he should forget that he is the son of our soil. My grandchildren should have our blood flowing in their veins — Jat blood — not that watery affair he is getting married to."

"But you haven't met her," Parvati had reminded him tactlessly. "She may be good and kind, and she is educated." Most girls in the villages were illiterate and the few that were not had barely finished school. This girl was B.A. pass.

"You dare to suggest that I meet her and her parents!"

"They can come here," mildly put in Parvati as she saw a glimmer of hope. In their community it was the girl's parents who approached the boy's family.

"Woman, don't put ideas into my head," Ram Singh had shouted at her as he tied a turban round his head and strode towards the tractor. Quickly she followed him.

"Your lunch?"

"Come to the peepal tree," he said and drove away towards the fields.

Here her elder son found her two hours later, troubled and preoccupied.

"Ma, where is babuji?" Narendra looked around for the yellow tractor.

"He is in the field near the canal water. He should be coming any moment now. Why?"

"What did he say?" her son asked as he lowered himself on the grass beside her.

Parvati pulled her ghagri round her long legs and patted his shoulder.

"What did you expect, beta?"

"It is not something to make the heavens fall apart as he seems to think," Narendra burst out, "I am only marrying an educated girl from Delhi."

"She is not of our caste. She is a Pakistani," his mother replied.

"Not Pakistani, ma, but a Punjabi," he said with a smile. "All Punjabis did not come from Pakistan. She is a good girl. You will like her and she will make a good daughter-in-law. Only persuade babuji." Much as he loved his parents he loved Sudha more. He fully intended to marry her, but he would have liked his parents' approval also.

"Narendra, beta, your father will be coming soon. You had better go home," she told him.

"But what about my marriage?" he said.

"Give him time. He loves you most, so his expectations have also been more. He feels hurt that you have chosen your own bride. It is supposed to be our duty."

"I know, maji, but times have changed," he got up and dusted his trousers.

"Then, beta, give us time also. Tell Sudha's parents to come and see us and bring your Chacha Manphul Singh from Rohtak. He will be able to pursuade your father. I can't think of any alternative. After all, he is a lawyer and should be able to win your case." Her voice had held little humour. She was more worried about her husband's anger.

Yes, reminisced Parvati, those days had been bad, but there had been a good ending. Narendra had got married to Sudha, Manphul Singh had canvassed very successfully for his nephew. Ram Singh now had two grandchildren, Babloo aged five and Neelam three. If only...

Parvati got up briskly. This would not do. Those six years had passed. Now what? She picked up the vessels and placed them on her head once more and walked quickly down the path between the fields. An inner voice whispered, "Why has he called you to the peepal tree?"

It couldn't be Narendra again. He was well settled, and Surendra, the second son and her favourite, had just finished his B.A. He was a hard-working boy and she had no cause to worry about him. That left Ram Singh. Could it be that he was really busy and wanted her presence beside him? Or was he unwell?

At the thought her steps quickened. She uncovered her face as she entered their own fields.

She could see children playing in the adjoining fields. She wished her grandchildren could have roamed as freely and eaten the fresh channa and sucked the juicy ganna. But life had not followed the pattern that she and Ram Singh had planned.

Narendra's wife Sudha was no doubt a nice girl but — Parvati sighed as she wiped her brow. The girl had nothing in common with them. And now their two grandchildren also seemed to have grown away from them. No wonder, thought Parvati crossly to herself. They never came to live with them. How could they come to know each other? Unless once a year was considered often enough!

An eagle swooped into her line of vision. And as she lifted her head her eyes lighted on the yellow tractor standing under the peepal tree. She hurried forward. Was she late? She started guiltily. She must be really becoming old to have sat and reminisced when all the while Ram Singh had been waiting for her. She smiled ruefully as she saw the frown on her husband's face. So much for Shanti's romantic illusions!

She spread out an old white dhoti and put the vessels on it.

"Did you wait for long?" she asked as she partly covered her face once more.

"Yes, no," he replied absentmindedly as he washed his hands.

"Have you eaten?" He helped himself to the roti and sag.

Parvati looked quickly at his face. What was wrong? Did he not remember that she always ate after him?

"After you," she replied slowly.

Continued on page 43

Lakmé creates The Shades of '79

Smokey Browns

Lakmè Lipsticks and Nail Enamel

BRONZE
TOFFEE
CHOCOLATE CHIP
HONEY BEAR
CREAM COCOA
DESERT SAND
DESERT PEARL

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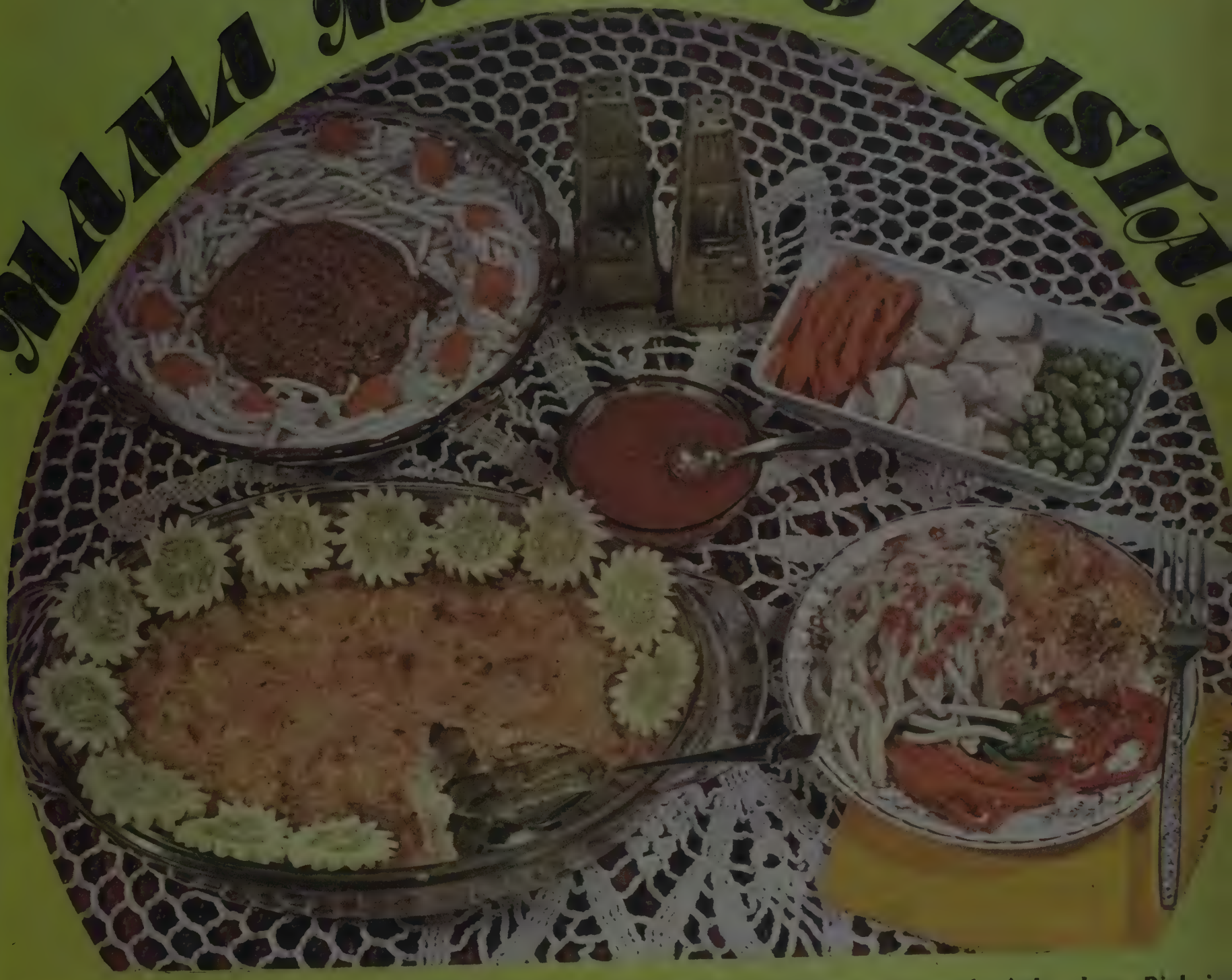
MAMA MIA.. IT'S PASTA!



Farokh Reporter

In Italy, pasta preparations, especially spaghetti, frequently form the main meal of the day. Rich in food value, it is now readily available in package form. Italian pasta is a dried wheat flour preparation. The flour is kneaded into a stiff dough and forced through cylinders from which it comes out in various shapes and sizes, known by different names such as macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, ravioli and many more.

Premila Lal

BAKED MACARONI WITH CHICKEN:

150 grams elbow macaroni
1 chicken
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 large capsicum, minced
1 tbsp. grated onion
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. roasted cumminseed, crushed
1-½ cups cheese grated
Freshly ground pepper

Steam or cook chicken till tender, remove bones and dice meat. Cook the macaroni as directed. Drain. Mix with chicken, capsicum, soup, onion and seasonings. Add 1 cup cheese and put in buttered casserole. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and bake for 30 minutes at 350 deg. till top browns slightly.

SPAGHETTI FRITTERS:

150 grams cut spaghetti
1 large onion, grated
1-2 green chillis, chopped
1 cup tomato puree
½ tsp. garam masala
Freshly ground pepper
Salt to taste
2 eggs
1 cup flour
Oil or butter for frying

Cook and drain spaghetti as directed. Mix with the remaining ingredients using enough

flour to make the mixture fairly stiff. Form into little cakes, fry to brown on both sides. Serve with tartar sauce.

NOODLE STUFFED CHICKEN

150 grams noodles
1 capsicum, chopped
½ cup butter
2 apples (unpeeled) chopped
2 tbsps. raisins
½ cup soft breadcrumbs
½ cup chicken broth or cream of chicken soup
Freshly ground pepper
Salt to taste
1 large chicken

Cook and drain noodles as directed. Heat butter in a pan, add capsicum and cook stirring for a few minutes. Mix in spaghetti, apples, raisin and breadcrumbs. Season and mix in the broth. Stuff chicken, sew, and place to roast.

SPAGHETTI RING WITH BAKED BEANS

250 grams spaghetti
1 cup milk
2 eggs
¼ cup dry breadcrumbs
½ tsp. salt
1 tin baked bean or any vegetable or meat dish

Cook and drain spaghetti as directed. Separate eggs and beat egg yolks till thick and light. Add milk, spaghetti, breadcrumbs and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put in a buttered ring mould, set in a pan of hot water and bake for 45 minutes at 350 deg. till the mixture is thick. Turn out, fill centre with baked beans or cooked kheema matar.

EGG NOODLES AND TOMATOES

250 grams egg noodles
2 onions, minced
1 capsicum, chopped
½ cup sliced mushrooms
½ cup thick curd
350 grams tomatoes, peeled
1-½ tbsp. sugar
¼ tsp. chilli powder
Freshly ground pepper
1 tsp. salt
2 tsps. oil or butter
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
½ cup cheese, grated

Melt fat in a pan and saute onion, capsicum and mushroom for 5 minutes. Add chopped tomato, curd and seasoning. Cook stirring, till thickened. Stir in coriander.

Cook and drain noodles as directed, place in a serving dish and pour over the hot sauce. Sprinkle with cheese and serve.

MACARONI CHEESE

150 grams macaroni
1½ cups cheese, grated
2 eggs
1 cup milk
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. cummin or caraway seeds
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. butter

Cook the macaroni in boiling water. When tender, drain and keep aside. Butter a baking dish and spread layers of macaroni, sprinkled with cheese. Keep aside ½ cup cheese, Beat together the eggs, milk, chilli powder, cummin seed and salt and blend well. Pour the mixture over the macaroni and sprinkle the top with the remaining cheese. Bake in a modrate oven till well browned.

STEAK AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

90 grams macaroni
360 grams steak
1 onion
2-3 mushrooms
Salt, pepper and chillis to taste
1½ pint stock or water
1½ tbsp. fat or ghee
45 grams flour (maida)
1 celery stalk
1 cup green peas

Cut the meat into neat pieces. Peel and chop the onion. Prepare celery and mushrooms and cut into fairly large pieces. Melt fat in a pan and fry onions and meat gently. Remove meat and onion from the fat, add flour and cook until lightly brown. Add stock gradually and bring to a boil, stir until smooth sauce is obtained. Put in meat, onions, celery, mushrooms and seasoning. Cover pan and simmer gently for 2-2½ hours. Ten minutes before serving, add the uncooked macaroni. Boil fairly quickly to cook macaroni. Put in peas at the last minute.

VERMICELLI SOUP

125 grams vermicelli
2 onions
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
5 cups tomato juice
2 tbsps. butter
Salt to taste
Freshly ground pepper
4-5 tbsps. cheese, grated

Heat the butter and fry the vermicelli until pale brown. Put in a saucepan and add minced onions, coriander and a cup of tomato juice. Stir and bring to a boil. Pour in the remaining tomato juice. Cook for 5 minutes and season. Pour in soup bowls and sprinkle with cheese. Serve immediately.

MACARONI, CHEESE AND HAM BAKE

1 cup cut macaroni
¾ cup ham, chopped
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
1 capsicum, finely chopped
1 onion, finely chopped
1 cup cubed cheese
2 cups milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. chilli powder
2 tbsps. butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water till done. Drain and pour over with cold water. Drain again. Place the macaroni in a buttered baking dish. Mix together the onion, ham, coriander leaves, capsicum, cheese cubes, chilli powder, butter, salt and pepper. Beat the eggs and milk and add to the ham and onion mixture. Blend well. Pour this mixture over the macaroni and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes. Serve with a tossed green salad.

VEGETABLE AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked noodles, drained
½ kg tomatoes, peeled
1 large brinjal
2 capsicums
¾ cup peas, shelled
2 cloves garlic
3 medium onions
Buttered toast crumbs
Salt to taste
Butter or ghee

Peel and cut the brinjal into 1-inch cubes. Boil in enough salted water for 10 minutes, taking care not to over-cook. Cook the peas in a little water till tender. Chop onions, capsicums and garlic and saute in butter till tender. Remove from fire. Drain the peas and brinjal and add to the above mixture. Mix in the noodles and quartered tomatoes. Season well and put in a casserole, cover with buttered toast crumbs and bake covered for ½ hour at 350 deg. F.

Uncover, dot with butter and brown top under grill or in the oven.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from INDIA METAL INDUSTRIES, Bombay, **2)** A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, **3)** A 2½ litre Casserole (Jan.'79) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay and **4)** A book, "Delightful Chinese Dishes", By AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.

So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Genny Daftary, Bombay.

LEMON PUDDING CAKE

FOR THE CAKE:

2 large eggs
60 grams sugar
60 grams plain flour
½ level tsp. baking powder
A few drops vanilla
A baking tray 8" x 12"

FOR THE LEMON CURD:

1½ cup fine sugar
¼ cup butter
3 eggs
3 sour limes
2 cups milk

OTHER INGREDIENTS REQUIRED:

8" x 6" rectangular glass
1 sour lime
300 grams fresh cream

FOR THE CAKE: Grease the baking tray and line with a grease-proof paper. Put the eggs, sugar and vanilla in a bowl and whisk over. Steam until thick like custard. Sieve the baking powder and flour together, and fold a little at a time with a palette knife, into the egg-sugar mixture. Lastly add 1 tbsp. of hot water and mix gently. Pour the contents into the prepared baking tray and bake in a pre-heated oven at 350 deg. for about 20 minutes till sponge is lightly browned. Then turn out on a smooth surface and allow to cool. Divide it into 2 equal portions 8" x 6".

LEMON CURD: Grate the rind of lemon. In a heavy saucepan. Melt butter and sugar over a low flame. Add juice and rind of the three sour limes. Remove from the fire and beat in the eggs one at a time. Return to the fire and add two small tea-cups of cold milk and cook in a double boiler until thick. Cool before using.

TO MAKE THE PUDDING: Place one portion of the sponge cake at the bottom of the glass serving dish.

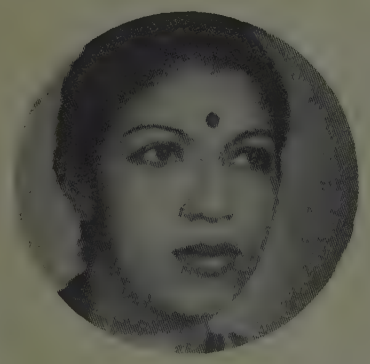
Whip the cream over ice until thick. Now fold in the lemon curd mixture.

Spread some of this mixture over the sponge layer in the dish. Now place the other half of the sponge cake over this and spread the rest of the lemon-curd-cream mixture and spread to form a smooth surface. Then squeeze the juice of the fourth sour lime evenly.

Now place the dish in the refrigerator and serve the pudding only after it has remained in the refrigerator for atleast 24 hours.

WEEKLY WINNER

MANJU KUMAR
Gorakhpur



Mrs. Kumar wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. packed tin of Coconut oil from KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

CHICKEN — IN — CLAY

2½ kg chicken
Salt to taste
1½ tbsp. chilli powder
½ tbsp. powdered cinnamon
½ tbsp. powdered cummin seeds
1 tbsp. powdered pepper corn
½ cup butter
¼ cup vinegar
A large sheet of aluminium foil
4-5 kg moist modelling clay

GRIND TO A PASTE:

6 cloves garlic
A bunch of green coriander leaves
2 medium sized spring onions
½ medium piece ginger

FOR GARNISHING:

4 potatoes, cubed and fried
½ cup green peas
Fried rings of one large onion
Few slices of cucumber

Clean and wash the chicken. Make a few gashes with a sharp knife.

Start the oven at very high temperature. This high temperature is extremely important.

Now place the cleaned chicken on aluminium foil and sprinkle with salt. Mix softened butter with the ginger-garlic paste and vinegar till creamy. Spread this mixture between wing joints, leg-joints, over breast-bone and in body cavity. Wrap securely and tightly in the foil. Pat clay or roll it with a rolling pin into a large circle about ½" thick. Put the foil wrapped chicken in the centre of the circular clay. Mould the clay around the chicken so that it is completely covered. This particular clay is easily shaped. Bake the chicken for at least one and a half hour. Serve chicken-in-clay on a napkin. Tap clay gently with a little hammer. Napkin catches the broken clay. Peel off the foil.

Garnish the chicken with fried potato cubes, peas, rings of onions and cucumber.

Mrs. Chandrika Nair, Kerala.

BANANA FISH THORAN

3 raw bananas
150 grams dried prawns
1 cup coconut, grated
1" piece garlic
8 or 9 cloves
1 tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. coconut oil
Curry leaves

Clean and wash the prawns. Cut the bananas into small pieces. Cook the bananas and prawns with enough water, with addition of chilli powder and salt. Grind the coconut and garlic coarsely. Keep aside. When the bananas and prawns are well cooked add the coconut and garlic paste, curry leaves and coconut oil. Serve hot with chappatis or rice.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

IT'S SAM - THEIR TV IS ON THE BLINK AND THERE'S THIS SHOW THEY WANT TO SEE....
LET ME TALK TO HIM -
COME RIGHT OVER, OLD BUDDY - YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE OURS!
THIS IS AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, HERB!
NONSENSE! WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?
I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE!
AND I'LL GET SOME CHAIRS!
DON'T GO TO A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR US -
I TOLD YOU THEY'D LET US USE IT -
?
!
10-30
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1977. World rights reserved.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A rolling stone gathers no boss.

* * *

Marriage is like a railroad sign: when you see a pretty girl, you stop; then you look, and after you're married, you listen.

* * *

Most folks could manage the wolf at the door if only the stork wouldn't fly in at the window.

* * *

The customer stormed into the real estate office.

"The land you sold me is no good," he shouted. "You said I could grow nuts on it."

"No, no, you misunderstood me," said the agent. "I said you could GO nuts on it."

* * *

The reason why politicians seem so busy is that they spend half the time telling the press what they're going to do and the other half explaining to the voters why they didn't.

* * *

Neighbour: "How's your son doing — the one who is such a good ventriloquist?"

Father: "He's doing fine — he has a job in a pet shop selling parrots."

* * *

Of the twin brothers, one became a minister and the other a physician. It was difficult to tell the twins apart.

A man stepped upto one of them on the street and said, "Are you the twin who preaches?"

"No," came the answer, "I'm the one who practises."

* * *

The minister attempted to upbraid the doctor. "You should be in church regularly."

"Look here, Reverend," suggested the doctor. "Let's make a friendly arrangement. I'll do all in my power to keep you out of heaven if you'll do all you can to keep me out of hell."

* * *

A browbeating attorney asked a witness how far he had been from the scene of the accident.

"Just five yards, two feet, and eleven inches," was the reply.

"How does it hapen you re so exact?" roared the attorney.

"Well," drawled the unabashed witness, "I expected some fool or other would be sure to ask me, so I measured it."

* * *

A youth who had recently been engaged asked a friend at the office when the honeymoon was officially over. "The honeymoon is over," said his friend, "when the baby talk is done by the baby."

* * *

The girl was arrested for stealing lingerie — but the judge let her go because it was her first slip.

* * *

The young lady had just been introduced to her dancing partner. Then, as they waltzed around the ballroom floor, she asked, "Who is that terrible ugly man over there?"

"Why, that's my brother," the boy exclaimed.

"Oh, you must excuse me," said the girl, "I hadn't noticed the resemblance."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other.

BIHAR GIRLS TAKE UP BRICKBATS

R. Narayan

The youth force in Bihar has been in the news on various occasions in the past few years. The activists, however, so far have been mostly male. Student agitation in Bihar has now attracted the girls. They have also initiated some action independent of boys for redressal of grievances, which, they feel, are many.

This is undoubtedly a post-emergency development. For, between last July and March they launched as many as five stirs in the state. At no other time had they made as many serious protests. And the field operation was not only the state capital. Their voices were heard also in Ranchi, the industrial township.

Two factors appear to have guided them. First: the experiences of some "dark days" of the emergency, if not their own, their brothers' and other family members. Many youngsters who had been in the forefront of the Bihar Movement in 1974-75 had been jailed during the emergency. According to student sources, the number had stood at 20,000. The state government, as usual, gives a limited number. When they came out of jail they had few words in praise of the police and other authorities. Second: a large number of girls (exact figure not available) had joined the Movement which had travelled far and wide. This participation had influenced many. Some who were sitting on the fence decided to follow others and took a stand.

The girls' agitation has been localised and peaceful. Even so it deserves attention in view of the social conditions of women in general in the state.

In a majority of the "upper class" homes, to which most of the girls belong, women in the villages live in purdah. They rarely move out of their houses. If they have to go to towns — especially for medical treatment — they are carried in covered palanquins to the rail or road. They don't walk even to nearby places. In such a situation girls taking to the streets shouting slogans are a phenomenon.

In one case in Patna they are reported to have used force. The occasion was the re-examination of about 450 girls in a government school, for the school final exam. Angered by what they called "stiff, out of the syllabus" questions they allegedly broke glass-panes, damaged writing tables, furniture and fans when their peaceful protest was not heeded.

The chairman of the Bihar School Examination Board, Dr. Dhirendra Prasad, had a different story to tell. He alleged that the students abused the invigilators and threatened them with dire consequences if they didn't allow them to use "unfair means in answering questions". The exam was conducted after much delay. This was the second time that these girls had used "violence," he said. The exam in the same paper had been cancelled earlier on the same ground.

Dr. Prasad wryly admitted after the exam was over that "girls are also now a sort of headache to the authorities."

An inkling of the change in students' attitude was felt first in August '77 when some Patna University girls living in the only University Hostel "hijacked" a state bus. Some other girls led a "peaceful procession" through the main streets. The procession ended after a memorandum was presented to the Vice-Chancellor. The procession wasn't without motivation. The University Hostel is overcrowded. Five girls on an average had been accommodated in one small room. Even in this way only 30 per cent of those applying for hostel accommodation had been admitted.

The hostelites complained that the security arrangements were inadequate in the University Hostel. Some hoodlums, taking advantage of this, entered the hostel and created unpleasant situations for them. The condition in hostels in two women's colleges of the university is no better.

On another occasion, students of the Ranchi Women's College fought a protracted "war" against the educational authorities for fourteen days demanding the transfer of a hostel superintendent who allegedly had indulged in "immoral acts". A procession was carried out. When this failed to stir the authorities, students went on a mass hunger strike. So determined were they that the strike was called off only when the demand was conceded.

There is an acute shortage of girls' colleges in the state. Colleges for them have been opened so far only in some important towns. The state government has recently decided to open at least one college in each district headquarters which are 31 in all. But no one knows for certain when this decision will be implemented.

That the girls in Bihar are breaking away from their sheltered homes and are stirred up enough to protest for better living conditions is not a bad sign. However, their involvement in wider issues concerning women would be more heartening. For instance, many women inhabitants belonging to the backward and scheduled castes in Bajitpur were raped by a group of vandals hired by upper caste landlords in November last. These and other issues involving discrimination, girls of the universities of Bihar ought to be concerned about.

VOICE YOUR VIEWS

In the past, our Youth Page has been dedicated to reporting, for the most, about activities in schools and colleges in our country, and giving write-ups of talented, budding artists, writers, dancers, musicians. . . We shall continue to do so, but from this year we hope to involve a lot of youngsters more directly with the magazine. We would like you to utilize this page to air your views on issues, controversial or otherwise, subjects that are close to you, that affect you directly. Hence the change in name from Youth Page to Young Viewpoint.

To begin with, we would like you to write, say, 200 words on either (or both) of the following subjects:

IF I WERE P.M. OF INDIA,
THIS IS HOW I WOULD RUN THE COUNTRY
AND/OR
COMMUNICATING WITH PARENTS — IS IT A PROBLEM?

Your views (along with your photographs, preferably) should reach us by January 31. These will be published on this page in subsequent issues. Address your envelopes to

Young Viewpoint
Eve's Weekly,
Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400 023.

We also invite, for Young Viewpoint, reports of youth activities **anywhere** in the country, of socio-political, cultural or human interest.

LITTLE SYMPATHY IN NORTH

"SHE SHOULDN'T COME BACK"

AHMEDABAD

"She did nothing for women. If she comes back to power women need not be elated," says one. "Women voters must beware," says another.

NAYANA SHAH

Mrs. Nayana Shah, an educated upper middle-class working woman, says that when Mrs. Gandhi was ruling, she was not looked upon as a woman. She may have worked for minorities, but not for women.

Sanjay has had no political maturity or support says Mrs. Shah; he became known only after the Emergency and now, after elections, he is no longer in the picture. Mrs. Gandhi is an expert politician who knew who to use and where. She appears to have used him as a pawn to support her position. She did not have any values and cared little for the means. There has been no normal child-mother relationship between the two; they do not appear to have shared a home together. Even Mrs. Gandhi herself does not seem to be a normal woman. She must have been a spoiled child; as a wife and mother she was not normal. As a politician she has been assertive, autocratic, ambitious.

There is no reason, says Mrs. Shah, why women should support Mrs. Gandhi. Illiterate women may favour her for immediate gains at the time of elections. But among the upper-middle-class women there is a fear that she may come to power again. Since her victory in Chikmagalur they are afraid of her return; they do not wish for it at all. If she comes she will not be democratic at all.

MAYA ACHARYA

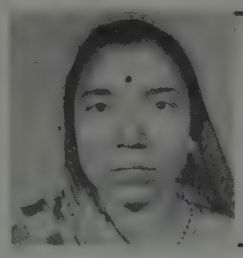
Mrs. Maya Acharya feels that all women may not vote for her in the next elections. She has heard wives of businessmen saying that they would not vote for her as she had brought down the prices in her regime and that meant less profits for their husbands. Since the votes of the poor are unpredictable one cannot say about the votes of the poor women. They vote as their husbands vote.

"Mrs. Gandhi did nothing for women. As a mother, she may have pushed Sanjay but it is more probable that her flatterers pushed him farther. But she should have looked into the goings on.

"If by any chance she comes to power, women need not be elated. But if she then serves the cause of women, it would certainly do her good. She is not democratic, people will throw her out again," says Mrs. Acharya.

KAMALABAHEN

Kamalabahen is a self-employed woman who works to supplement her husband's income. She stitches cushion covers, etc, and sells them in villages near Ahmedabad. She thinks that votes cannot be given to Mrs. Gandhi; they can be given to men only because men rule. "Mrs. Gandhi achieved nothing except being dubbed a crafty cunning woman. She would have continued had she been upright."



VIRUBAHEN PATANI

Virubahen Patani is a housewife; her husband is a textile labourer. She is more vocal. She thinks that Mrs. Gandhi had to go as she sinned. "In the beginning women had hoped that she would work for their welfare, but now wherever one goes one hears evil things about her. People say that it is good that she is no longer in power. She was ousted because of her 'karma'. She was proud, so she had a fall." As for voting for her, Virubahen says, "Mrs. Gandhi is too far away to help us and women are neither foolish nor sentimental to vote for her as a woman. Though she may try in numberless ways, she will never come to power."

MANORAMA THAKORE

Ms. **Manorama Thakore,** an advocate who has practised for more than 24 years in Ahmedabad civil and criminal courts, doubts whether Mrs. Gandhi will be a Prime Minister again. "It is doubtful that women would vote for her 'en masse'.

"As Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi should have looked into her son's doings. She should have been vigilant. She should have gone beyond maternal considerations. We do not know whether he pushed himself or was not under her thumb, but she should have been more careful.

"If Mrs. Gandhi comes to power again, she may be democratic;" says Mrs. Thakore. "She may be able to do good because she knows how to wield power. The atrocities during the emergency were not because of her but because of the officers misusing power.

"During Mrs. Gandhi's regime some very good legislative reforms were suggested in favour of women which have become law now. A divorced woman can now get maintenance; parents and even a stepmother can claim maintenance from the son. Divorce by mutual consent has come into being. Grants were released for social welfare."

USHA BHATT

Dr. **Usha Bhatt,** a lecturer in the department of history, Gujarat University, wonders if women will vote for Mrs. Gandhi because she is a woman. "It is very likely that she may exploit the possibility. Maybe this idea has come from her camp, a stunt to bag votes. Women voters should be careful before they vote for her. They should evaluate Mrs. Gandhi as a politician and not favour her as a woman.

"Mrs. Gandhi is like all other politicians in her lust for power. It is ironical that the first woman coming to rule India after Mahatma Gandhi's preachings, should have been playing the game of power-politics."

Ila Pathak

CALCUTTA

"If she came back, Sanjay would again take advantage."

Calcutta had mixed reactions to Mrs. Gandhi's return to Parliament. Among those interviewed there was uniformity of opinion regarding Mrs. Gandhi's standing as a national leader — in fact, as a towering personality who still had a useful role to play in the country's political arena. The fact of her womanhood ranked high with the women of Calcutta. Coming from a city which traditionally worships Ma Durga and Kali — goddesses embodying the powerful facets of woman — this was hardly surprising. However, responses to other queries — such as her role in the emancipation of Indian women, the atrocities of the Emergency, her limitation as a mother vis-a-vis Sanjay, and her political future — evoked varied responses.

P. N. BANERJEE

Mrs. **P. N Banerjee** (52), a busy housewife whose interest in politics stems from her marriage to a bureaucrat, was very vocal on the subject. While she was proud that a woman had achieved so much in a male-dominated society, what had really impressed her was Mrs. Gandhi's tremendous 'bounce-back' capacity.

In fact, Mrs. Banerjee was emphatic that Mrs. Gandhi's achievements were far greater than those of any man. Her "spare the rod" philosophy regarding Sanjay was her major fault. In fact, Sanjay's notorious activities were nothing but a cover for Mrs. Gandhi's own ambitions. "Her womanhood is exploited by her for her own political ends," Mrs. Banerjee said. "Once voted back to power through a direct appeal to women, Mrs. Gandhi would have no compunctions in forgetting the promises she had made to them." Mrs. Banerjee was confident that Mrs. Gandhi would not be voted back as the Prime Minister but would remain an M.P. at most. However, on closer questioning she did admit that if and when elected P.M., Mrs. Gandhi's weakness vis-a-vis her son would re-emerge as her Achilles heel.

SANDHYA HALDER

For a soft-spoken demure Bengali ayah **Sandhya Halder** (34) was very determined to air her views supporting Mrs. Gandhi. Yes she 'unashamedly' welcomes her comeback. Her attitude is largely moulded by the fact that Mrs. Gandhi is a woman and that she has helped women in general and the poor in particular. Sandhya was won over by the warm clothes and the free education and food that were given to her son during Mrs. Gandhi's regime. She was convinced that Mrs. Gandhi was an able administrator who had done nothing wrong. Her downfall was because of Sanjay Gandhi who was "bad". Sandhya's sympathy lay with "the mother who had the misfortune of having a child beyond her control. Being a mother, how can she have her son imprisoned or publicly disgraced?" she asked indignantly. She fervently hoped that Mrs. Gandhi would come back as Prime Minister as soon as possible

DURGA BASU

"Taking the Indian temperament and the bureaucratic set-up into account, the Emergency was essential," says 23-year-old **Durga Basu,** a business management graduate, working as a research executive in the Indian Market Research Bureau. Durga admired Mrs. Gandhi for having been able to "do so much in spite of being a woman within the restrictive and orthodox Indian framework." However, she did not feel that Mrs. Gandhi would give special attention to problems relating to women. Durga too felt that Sanjay was the cause of Mrs. Gandhi's downfall. Unlike Sandhya, however, Durga did not sympathize or condone Mrs. Gandhi's protection of her son.

Durga felt that the only way Mrs. Gandhi could make a comeback as Prime Minister was by publicly condemning Sanjay. Durga was confident that if she returned as Prime Minister Mrs. Gandhi would continue to favour a democratic system of government, but all the same she feared that Sanjay would take advantage of his mother's position. "Compared to our present leaders, Mrs. Gandhi stands out as a shrewd, balanced politician who is open to criticism." What then about her autocratic ways under which thousands suffered? "Autocracy? Ah well, it's the failing of anyone in authority."

SUBHADRA BOSE

Subhadra Bose (29), manager of Calcutta's renowned bookshop, Cambridge, is very proud that one of her own sex became a Prime Minister. Indian women had gained a lot from this as Mrs. Gandhi gave priority and importance to their problems, she felt. After all, it was during her government that the Bill legalizing abortion and the Anti-dowry Act were passed. As a mother Mrs. Gandhi was a failure and so she was unable to control or check her son. This ultimately brought about her downfall. Subhadra would not like Mrs. Gandhi to come back as Prime Minister but to remain a member of the opposition. "This would create a strong opposition — something we really need".

Bharoti Pande

DELHI

SANTOSH AHUJA

Mrs. Santosh Ahuja, well-educated and equipped with teaching degrees, prefers to look after the home and three children in a sophisticated residential locality of New Delhi. She asserts that the female electorate is largely responsible for Mrs. Gandhi's comeback, "but it is largely the illiterate women who are with her, though men too must have voted for her. The poor seem to be all for her."

Chikmagalur has not changed Mrs. Ahuja's opinion of the former PM. "Even if the Janata is ineffective, I certainly wouldn't like the lady to return, and so fast too. If she does, it will be a tough time for the public and those who will fall out of power. Because she cannot change, as is evident from her behaviour. Had she apologized, repented, maybe the educated would have had some sympathy for her — but no, she's so headstrong and proud."

Perhaps, it was good that she had returned to Parliament, Mrs. Ahuja said, but she should have behaved differently, tried to bring the problems of the people to the notice of the government. "All she did was criticize the ruling party. It is not the interests of the people that she has in mind, but her self-interest."

There's no place for intellectuals in our politics, Mrs. Ahuja says. "Only goondas are in power, and she has all of them with her. We need an educated set of politicians and advisers.

"Mrs. Gandhi does get credit as a woman, that's beyond doubt! Especially abroad. She is liked by the public because of her cultured approach! But where was her culture during the Emergency? I held her in high esteem before that, but look how disgracefully she treated prisoners. She deserves prison herself. A lot of what the present PM says of her makes sense. If only the Janata would do some work," she sighed.

PRABHJOT KAUR

"Yesterday was the blackest day in our history," proclaimed Prabhjot Kaur, the sensitive Punjabi poetess who believes in the writer's involvement with the world around, with politics too, and doesn't advocate any form of ivory tower isolation for the creative individual. The 'yesterday' was December 19 when Mrs. Gandhi was expelled from Parliament and jailed.

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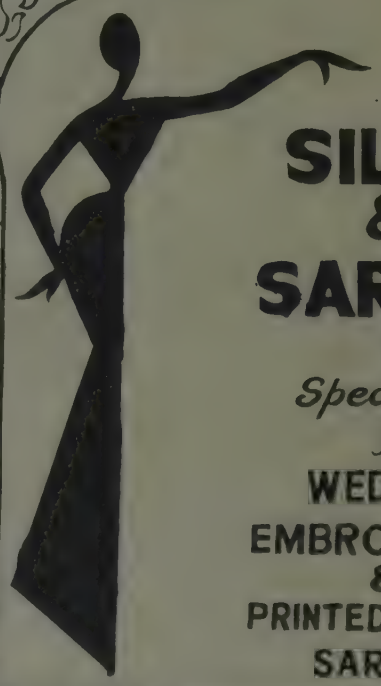

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LITTLE SYMPATHY IN NORTH

"SHE SHOULDN'T COME BACK"

DELHI

Prabhjot Kaur insisted she wasn't thinking only of the "institution of Prime Ministership. I'm not thinking of her, nor of a fellow-woman being sent to prison. Now every ex-PM will be hauled up. They have started a chain of such privilege motions. Every individual does both good and bad. Tomorrow when a person is down, only the bad will be remembered and questioned."

She asked cynically, "Have we ever thought of rewarding a PM? No, we only give punishment!" About the Privileges Committee's decision, she said, "How did they wake up only when she came to sit in the House? And why jail? In the name of democracy they're doing what's undemocratic. They have made a heroine, a martyr of her. The people will forget the Emergency, and sympathize with her."

Prabhjot's own family had suffered under the Emergency, losing some personal property. Her son-in-law's factory was demolished. "It was terrible, yes, but everybody is forgiving her."

This, Prabhjot Kaur insisted, was not because Mrs. Gandhi is a woman, though her "womanhood is all too evident, perhaps not in her political decisions but definitely in her behaviour. Her love of theatrics, that's a political move. But have you noticed how methodical she is, how she anticipates the future intelligently? She was all prepared to go to jail. Ready with bag and baggage, books, even her haircut," said the poetess laughing. "That, only a woman can do!"

Prabhjot lamented the fact that we worship our leaders: "We're not balanced in our reactions. It's either adoration or downright condemnation. A leader is human and will err. Even Gandhi, Nehru and our literary leaders like Tagore had their weaknesses, but we place them on a pedestal."

Do you then support Mrs. Gandhi? "I don't know. There's no alternative, is there? She did a lot of good but these three years have been confused. She was out of touch with the people — that lost connection is mended again. I don't say she'll be PM again. However, I know she will prove to be a force that any party will have to reckon with. She knows the ins and outs of administration, she's dynamic and in six months she'll be politically back in power. From Chikmagalur, anywhere! But this arrest stinks of political vendetta. A person should be corrected straight away, not when out of power. Where are our ideals?"

ALKA SAXENA

"In view of Mrs. Gandhi's arrest, there has been a change in my attitude. Perhaps some more sympathy, I don't know!" admitted Alka Saxena, a young journalist on the staff of a leading daily in the capital. "I don't think it was a constructive move at all. The action would have been justified had the Janata done something for the people over these months."

Does the woman factor come into the picture at all? "Frankly, I've never thought of her as a woman. The question is of ability or non -ability," said Alka. "I'm a reporter, and I don't think the sex matters. We forget all when we're on the job. So with politics. It's not man or woman, but who can supply food and shelter that's important. And the women voters know what is good or bad for them— they exercise their franchise shrewdly, the best is their pick!"

However, Alka felt the female voters did sympathize with Mrs. Gandhi as a woman, "especially now because of her expulsion from Parliament and her arrest. Yet, there's something in her which goes beyond womanhood..." That something, Alka, like a lot of people, couldn't quite define. "Perhaps, it's her upbringing, her family — it's there all right! It is inborn."

So you support Mrs. Gandhi? "Well, not quite. Though she is capable, basically she's a very shrewd woman, selfish, a great opportunist. Hers is a lust for power. But what a determined woman! After tumbling like a pack of cards, she's still fighting to rise again."

Though Alka admires the former PM's "guts and go", she doesn't think Mrs. Gandhi can ever be PM again. "Never the same position or regard from us will she gain. And she'd better keep her son, the major reason for her fall, out of it all. She's wise enough not to repeat past mistakes."

Alka, though no supporter of the Emergency, pointed out that the "good things that happened are now in the shadow. But, of course, the bad was in excess, and has been exaggerated." The bad, she believes, was Sanjay Gandhi and Mrs. Gandhi's mother instinct. "It's natural, if not admirable. Same as Mr. Morarji Desai and his son. Otherwise, both have their ideals."

PRABHA MOHAN

Dr. Prabha Mohan, a prominent anaesthetist in the capital, is always emphatic in her statements "I don't think Mrs. Gandhi's being a woman has anything whatsoever to do with the matter. It's her statesmanship, her qualities and assets that have brought her back. All this, but primarily, the complete failure of the Janata party. Had it not been for their inefficiency, she would never have recovered so quickly or regained to some extent her past repute. Whatever it is, she is a leader to the core."

She went on, "It's not only the women who are with her — what of all the men?" Of Chikmagalur, "I can't say it's a comeback or that she is on the road to it. We all feel that Chikmagalur was an illiterate constituency. Had she contested from elsewhere she would have found it difficult. Will she be PM? I can't say. I wouldn't like her to come back to power. Her authoritarian nature, her real self has been shown up during the Emergency. Her drawbacks counter anything in her favour. Just look at her constant changing of ministers, her intolerance of opposition. A thinking individual cannot work with her, she can never have intellectual support, and not because she's a woman in a man dominated political set-up, but because she wants total, unqualified support."

However, Prabha admitted the people are with Mrs. Gandhi. She draws crowds, "and that's where the woman factor helps her. Especially with the women who feel she's their representative."

About Mrs. Gandhi's arrest, she said, "All this while, they do nothing. When she enters Parliament it's uncomfortable for them and so she's expelled." It smacks of vindictiveness, she feels. "Anyway, it's a boost for her."

What would Mrs. Gandhi's prospects be if she contests again: "If it's Chikmagalur, she'll win definitely, with an even greater majority. Despite all my anti-views, I admire her guts, the way she faced the situation. A man would've crumbled in her place."

Dr. Mohan felt that Mrs. Gandhi's imprisonment was a mere formality to prove the Janata effectiveness. "And they'll treat her well. Not as she treated Gayatri Devi. Is that care for her sex? She was sore on women herself. During her eleven-year rule, what did she do specifically for women?"

Her weaknesses? "Her son and her selfishness, which are interlinked. It's so obvious she's still with her son. And that is where no one will accept her. I don't think any woman has sympathy for Mrs. Gandhi's feeling for her son."

If she becomes PM, will she ever hold another election? "If it suits her, yes! If she's sure of the masses, yes! Superficially the framework of democracy will have to be maintained by any government. In effect, it'll be another story. She'll have weaklings with her, no clashes of personality. A 'do it my way' kind of system. That is dictatorship."

Saloni Kaul

MECHANICS

IT'S SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK

If women are no good at things mechanical, it's because we have not tried our hand at it. A guide to a better understanding of gadgets and machines.

KNOW YOUR FRIDGE

Dilip Bam

Among all the gadgets in a modern housewife's arsenal, the refrigerator occupies pride of place. Apart from being the biggest and sometimes the costliest gadget, it is also about the most useful. It would be good to know a few basic things about the fridge.

Basically, a fridge is a cupboard made of insulating material so that no outside heat can go into the cabinet except when the door is opened. The door has to be close fitting so that when it is closed no cold air from inside can escape nor warm air from outside seep in, and the temperature inside the fridge is maintained constant.

Old refrigerators used to have a catch to close the door, but now most refrigerators have a magnetic closing arrangement whereby the door sticks to the body of the cabinet by magnetism.

Since cold air from inside the fridge can escape and warm air from outside can enter a fridge only when the door is opened, it follows that the less often the door is opened, the better will be its cooling efficiency and the less power it will consume.

HOW A FRIDGE WORKS

The basic principle on which a fridge works is the same as that of a 'surahi' or 'ghada', the earthen pot which has been used for thousands of years to cool water.

In an earthen pot water seeps out through the porous walls, comes to the surface and evaporates. In order to evaporate, this water absorbs heat from the pot and the water inside it, thus making the inside water cool.

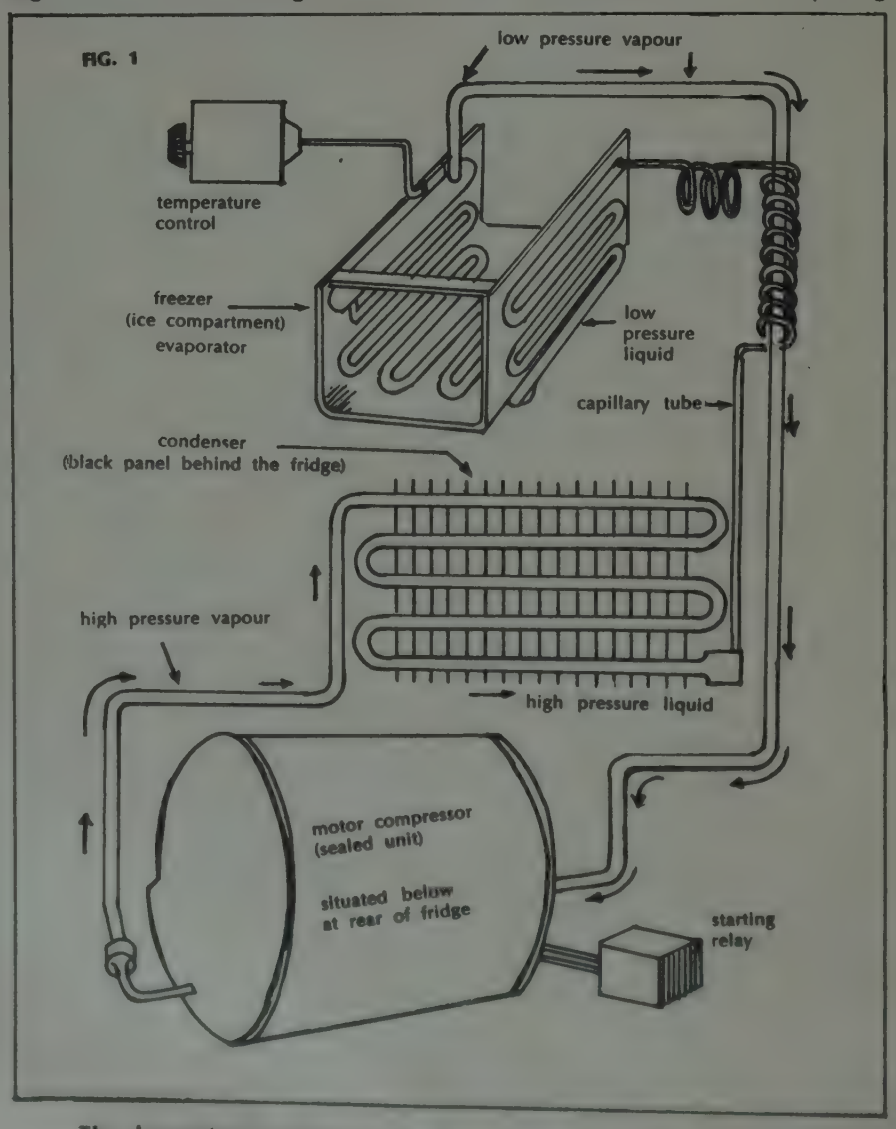
You would have noticed that if you wrap a wet cloth around the earthen pot and direct air at it from a table fan the water inside it will cool much faster and become cooler still. This happens because much more water (contained in the wet cloth) is being evaporated much faster (because of the fan) than normally, and consequently much more heat is being absorbed from the earthen pot and the water inside it. It is for the same reason that we feel cold if we stand under a fan wearing wet clothes.

What is done in a fridge is that this rate of cooling is increased much more by using electricity, to drive a compressing machine called a compressor which compresses a gas called 'refrigerant'. This compressed refrigerant is then cooled in a condenser (see fig. 1) till it liquefies. This liquefied refrigerant is then led through a very thin tube called a capillary tube to an evaporator where the liquefied refrigerant is allowed to evaporate, in which process it absorbs heat from its surroundings and causes cooling.

In your fridge this evaporator is the freezer where ice is formed. In fact, this is the only part inside the fridge where actual cooling is being done and the rest of the space inside the fridge stays cool simply because it is enclosed in the same insulated cabinet with the freezer.

MAINTENANCE

Most modern refrigerators available in the market today employ sealed units so that there is not much scope for repair work at home by yourself or even by an electrician. If anything should go wrong it is necessary to take the whole fridge back to the works and replace the whole unit or the defective part(s). However, there are a few things that one can do to ensure that the fridge is used properly and gives good service for a long time.



The important components of a fridge, and how the cooling process works.

You must ensure that the fridge is well ventilated as the heat given off at the condenser (the black plate behind it) must be removed and not re-circulated in any way. Therefore, always install your fridge in an airy place in your house. This will not only make it last longer but will also make it cool better and consume less electricity (see fig. 2).

In most towns there is a lot of voltage fluctuation in the mains supply. It is therefore necessary to use a voltage stabilizer which comes as a compact unit and is easy to install. If, however, you have any doubt, it is better to tell the dealer from whom you buy the fridge to do the installation.

Another thing to keep in mind is that the fridge should be kept level. For this purpose most fridges have four levelling screws at their base. The best way to do this is to open the door about 30 to 40 degrees and leave it. If it is properly levelled it will gently close. At the time of initial installation the dealer's man will do it for you, but if you later decide to move it to some other place in your house it would be good to follow the above procedure.

Under the freezer compartment there is a tray into which water drips when you defrost the fridge. (It is good to defrost it twice a week if it is not the automatic defrosting type.) On the far side of this tray is a flap. This flap should be in the inward position normally (as shown in fig. 3); otherwise the freezer compartment will be excessively cool and the rest of the fridge will not be cool enough. Also do not put any paper/cloth/plastic sheets on the grill shelves inside the fridge. The grill is necessary to ensure free flow of air inside it.

Lastly, read the instruction manual that you get with the fridge. It is written in very simple language and if you follow the instructions you will be as-

sured of trouble-free service from the fridge for many years.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR WHEN BUYING A FRIDGE

Technically all models of domestic refrigerators available in the market today use similar machinery and the performance of different makes is more or less the same.

The primary thing to choose is the size. The two most popular sizes are 165 litres and 290 litres. The initial price difference between the two sizes is considerable (25 per cent approx.) but the difference in electricity consumption is negligible, as also maintenance. Therefore, if you forsee an increase in the size of your family it is better to buy the bigger size.

Secondly, if you don't get transferred around it is better to buy it from a dealer situated near your house. This will save you considerable time and energy if you need any help from him.

There is not much price difference for the same make sold by two different dealers, though friendly relations with the dealer may help in getting some reduction in initial price.

Most dealers in big towns sell all makes, which makes choice easier and less troublesome. It is better to go to the shop and select a piece there itself. One test of air-tightness is to insert a single sheet of newspaper between the door and the body of the fridge and close it. If you pull the sheet now, it should not come out. If it comes out easily it means that the door sealing is not proper and it is better not to buy that piece. Also ensure that there are no dents in the bodywork when it is installed in your house. Your contract of purchase includes installation in your house, and if the bodywork is dented or paint is chipped don't accept that piece; it will rust and leak.

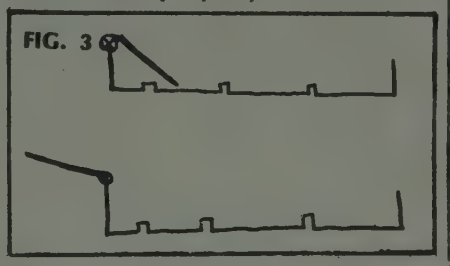
It is good to ask a few friends who have bought a fridge recently about the service quality that they get from the dealer they bought it from.

Remember you'll pay Rs. 4,000 or more for a fridge. Make sure you get your money's worth.

BUYING A SECOND-HAND FRIDGE

As in buying any other second-hand mechanical or electrical gadget, there is an element of risk in buying a second-hand fridge. But if you believe you are getting a good bargain, look for the following:

Thoroughly examine the cabinet itself. Look for signs of corrosion or paint having scraped or peeled off and any touch up job. Examine the side as well as the outside. If the body work looks original with no corrosion, etc., you can conclude that the insulation is in order. However, if there is any corrosion or dent or hole in the body work, it is better to think twice because a patch up job can hardly match the original. Also the price you pay should be correspondingly much less. Do the newspaper test for air-tightness mentioned earlier to ensure that the door seals properly.

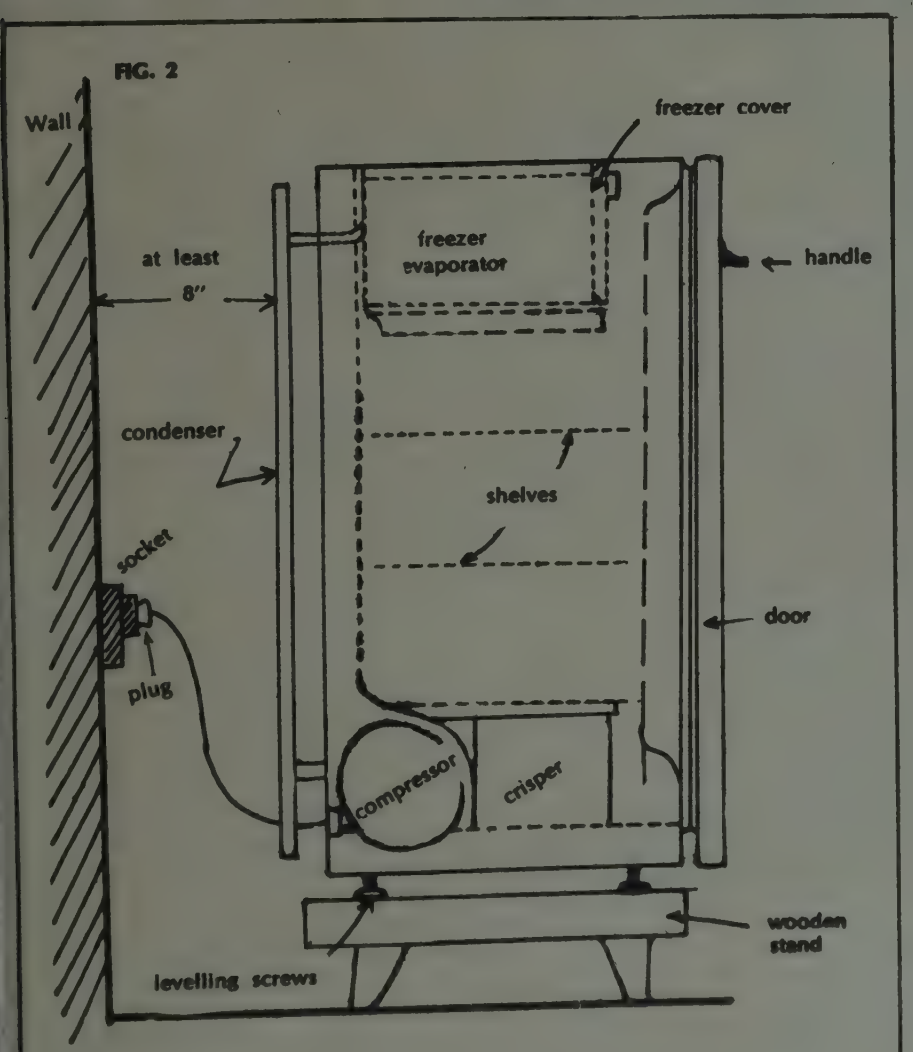


The flap of the tray under the freezer should be turned inward.

Look behind the fridge where the condenser tubing is. Examine carefully to see that none of the tubes is corroded, leaking or has sharp angular bends. All bends should be smooth. If there is any sharp angular bend, chances are the tube will leak there, and the whole tubing might need to be changed, which is quite expensive.

The walls of the freezer compartment should also be checked thoroughly because the evaporator tubing is inside it. This is important because the tubes have a tendency to get damaged as people use a sharp spoon or knife to pry off ice trays that get stuck, and in the process damage the tubing. Last but not the least, check for noise. Compare it with the noise of a new fridge, which is practically silent. A noisy fridge will have problems. The final test is to fill up an ice tray with water from the tap and see how long it takes to form ice. Compare it with the time taken in a new fridge. This is a very good index of condition.

Remember, however, that even if an old fridge does form ice in the same time as a new one, it does not necessarily mean that it is as good as new. The other points mentioned should also be checked, because it is easy to do temporary patch up jobs and boost a fridge's efficiency for demonstration.



Section of fridge. There should be a space of at least eight inches between back of fridge and wall.

SIMPLE: "I am as talented as Dimple"

Continued from page 19

The producers down South are raving over her after seeing the rushes of her 'Kizhakkum Merkkum'. Whether the film turns out to be a super hit remains to be seen. Simple has indeed struggled to memorize her dialogues in Tamil.

The misunderstanding that Simple had with Rishi Kapoor is now a thing of the past. "We are doing 'Adhuri Zindagi' together. Earlier, I had to decline both 'Amar Akbar Anthony' and 'Kabhi Kabhie', when Manmohan Desai offered me the role which Neetu did in 'Amar Akbar Anthony' and Yash Chopra offered me Nasseem's role in 'Kabhi Kabhie', only because I was bound to the 'Anurodh' contract and Chintu thought that I was trying to act big and refusing to work with him."

Today Simple has several films up her sleeve — 'Shaaka' in which she is working with Jeetendra, 'Doosri Aankh' with Mahender Sandhu, another with Mithun Chakraborty and a film each in Kannada and Gujarati. "I have also bagged a role from Bhaijaan Mahmood to act in his 'Lambu Dada' with Amitabh Bachchan, Sanjeev Kumar and Parveen Babi."

Simple has learnt to compromise. "I am ready to do a film if I am sure that I can score in the film even with one scene to my credit. Stardom isn't a joke. You have got to slog to reach your goal. Today money alone isn't my criterion while accepting a film. I am prepared to act in the kind of films being made by the Rajshri people even for a pittance."

Simple doesn't care a damn for any image. "I do not want to be type-cast in the same kind of roles in film after film. In 'Loot Maar', I am cast opposite Prem Chopra. In the end I shoot him because he ditches me. It is a kind of negative role but yet I accepted it because you can leave an impact with such roles."

And Simple is taking her career seriously. No longer is she painting the town red with either Ranjeet, her ex-beau, or Mithun Chakraborty, her current favourite. She says she is flirting at the moment only with her career, "which is more important to me now than the men in my life."

TAXIS: CURSE OR BOON?

Continued from page 15

floor, simultaneously replacing it with a one-rupee note hidden specifically for this purpose in a convenient place such as the sleeve. The passenger is then confronted with the rupee-note along with a few sarcastic remarks that it is hardly sufficient to cover the fare. The passenger is usually not sure himself whether he had tendered a one-or a ten-rupee note because of the poor visibility, and is therefore in no position to argue. He is thus forced to pay the cabbie far in excess of the actual fare.

The airport and the major railway stations offer some of the taximen excellent opportunities to flex their muscles. The average passenger at such places is loaded with tons of baggage, and is thus totally at the mercy of the cabbies. Luggage is charged anywhere from two to five times the permitted fee which is twenty paise per piece excluding brief cases and handbags. The extent of overcharging on the luggage depends on the size and weight of the pieces, and is higher in the case of a passenger who is obviously new to Bombay. "I would not call it overcharging," argues Gorakhnath Pande, another employee-driver. "Let us consider a passenger who has three pieces of luggage — two small and the third large and heavy. If I tell him that the charge is twenty paise per piece even for the small pieces, he enters into a time-consuming argument. But if he is told that the two small pieces are free and the fee for the large one is 60 paise, he pays up without a murmur of protest!"

Another common complaint is that taxi meters are tampered with so as to register five to ten per cent in excess of the actual fare. One of the reasons for this complaint is that the difference in fares registered by different taxis plying the same distance by the same route can be quite large. "It is impossible to tamper with a taxi meter," declares Shyam Bihari Mishra, Honorary General Secretary of the Bombay Taxi Association. "Meters are checked by the Regional Transport Office annually for accuracy. They are subjected to very stringent tests and only those which are found accurate are permitted to be used. Meters are sealed in three places by the RTO to prevent tampering. Differences in meter reading arise because of two reasons, neither of which can be called tampering: As the tyres of a taxi wear out, they execute a larger number of turns per kilometre travelled, resulting in a slightly higher meter reading. The meter reading does not depend on distance travelled alone but also on the time taken for the journey. Every time a taxi stops at a signal it registers waiting time. The longer a journey, the greater are the possibilities of variations in the meter indication."

Taximen, however, are known to resort to an indirect method of increasing the meter reading. They wait in queues at the airport, railway stations and big hotels with the flags down, which serves two purposes. It wards off short-distance passengers and it also keeps the meter ticking. Passengers who are not watchful fail to observe that the meter has already registered a considerable amount of fare even before their journey has commenced!

One cannot just get into a taxi and give the destination. One has to first inquire whether the driver is willing to go in that direction.

Rainy days, particularly when the suburban trains fail, are eagerly awaited by cabbies. Office-goers are charged exorbitant fares which may be as high as four times the meter reading. And those cabbies who do not indulge in such activities prefer to stay off the road even with a slight drizzle. Cab driver Alam Khan explains why: "Because of the fear of thefts, windshield wipers are normally removed and kept away and brought into use only during monsoons. In case of a sudden shower the cabbie is forced to go off the road because he cannot operate his taxi without its wipers. Secondly, several roads get water-logged. We naturally avoid going to such areas in case of damage to our vehicles. Lastly, demand for taxis increases considerably when it rains, resulting in an apparent shortage of cabs."

Yogesh Kanodia, a regular taxi commuter, complains that cabbies rarely stop immediately when told to do so by the passenger. They roll on until the meter reading changes and stop with a squeal of brakes as soon as the meter clicks — all this to gain a meagre amount of 15 or 20 paise. The taximan justifies this on the ground that he cannot stop in the middle of the road as soon as the passenger tells him to, for there is always the fear of the vehicle behind him colliding with his taxi. Besides, he has to find a convenient parking place where he can stop.

"I agree that several taximen do indulge in malpractices," says Mr. Mishra of the Bombay Taxi Association. "But the proportion of such incidents is no more than in any other trade. A few erring taximen have earned a bad reputation for the entire taximen's community. The majority of taximen are honest, co-operative and hardworking citizens but the overall impression created by them on the members of the public remains, unfortunately, very much negative."

Notorious or not, taximen with their vehicles have become an indispensible component of the metropolitan transport system. The ever-busy Bombayite hardly pauses to think before he rushes onto the street and shouts 'Taxi!'

THE PEEPAL TREE

Continued from page 29

"Eat with me." It was more of a command than a request.

Parvati pulled a roti out and held it in her hand. With shaking fingers she dipped a piece into the sag. What had happened today? Her husband's face looked grave and stern.

There was complete silence as he munched through his fifth roti. Then he asked for his bowl of lassi. Holding it high he quenched his thirst. Then passed it on to her.

"Where is Surendra?" he asked at last.

"Surendra? He is out with some friends. Why?" she raised questioning eyes to his.

"Did he not tell you his future plans?"

"Plans! what future plans?" Parvati's mind ran along familiar lines. "He is too young to get married."

"Woman, don't you have anything else but marriage on your mind?" he rebuked her.

Tears filled Parvati's eyes. She could not see what she had done to create such ill humour in her husband. She wiped her eyes.

"Kya baat hai?" she asked.

"Your children, what else? First Narendra, now Surendra. He wants to go to Dubai."

"Dubai, what is that?" asked Parvati.

Ram Singh felt pity for his illiterate wife. For the first time there was compassion in his tone as he explained slowly.

"It is a place samandar paar (overseas)."

"No, no," cried Parvati. "He cannot leave me." Her eyes filled with tears once more.

"Do you remember the day you planted this tree and I teased you that it would die? What did you tell me?" he asked her.

Parvati thought back. She saw the young girl in a black ghagri, yellow shirt and red odhni. Through the thin veil she saw the tall handsome youth who was her husband.

She had said, "It will grow tall and strong, stronger than you and..." She had lost the trend of her thoughts as his hand had strayed towards her breast.

"And?" he had teased.

"And people will take strength from it."

The words had been lost in the passionate embrace that followed. All had been so quiet and peaceful then. Now. . .

"Yes," Ram Singh seemed to have read her thoughts. "We have to be brave now. And stronger than the tree. He has made up his mind. He says he will came and take us both away also for a holiday and if we like it we can stay with him. Do you suppose I can leave this. . .?" His green fields, his pastures, his birthright.

Suddenly he saw a figure in the distance. "Surendra," he exclaimed.

The young man approached them fast. He was tall and well-built like his father.

"Babuji, a letter has come from Bhaiya." He came and sat down next to his parents. A welcome breeze fanned his hot face.

"What has he written?" asked Ram Singh impatiently.

Surendra read out the letter loudly. The words began formally, and then the tone seemed to change.

"Babuji, Babloo has just recovered from measles. The doctor says he needs a change of climate. Fresh clean air, good milk and lots of fruit and green vegetables. What better place than my own home! I am sending the children and your bahu next week. Look after them and only send them back when you feel they are hale and hearty once more. I want my son to grow up like his grandfather. I am sure he would love to climb the peepal tree — maji's favourite spot. . ."

Ram Singh and Parvati looked at each other then at the tree. Their glance swept upwards to the branches and it seemed as if they already saw the figure of their grandson up in the peepal tree.

For every Eve, a fitting complement.
Sheer magic in the most original package. The apple! What's within? Lady Zodiac Panties. Imported Spandex, polyester and 100% cotton. All, super-soft and extra-s-t-r-e-t-c-h. For a touch of allure to the utterly feminine. In a tantalising range of heavenly colours!
U-ZP-79
Lady ZODIAC

Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest - 16

HEGMAN

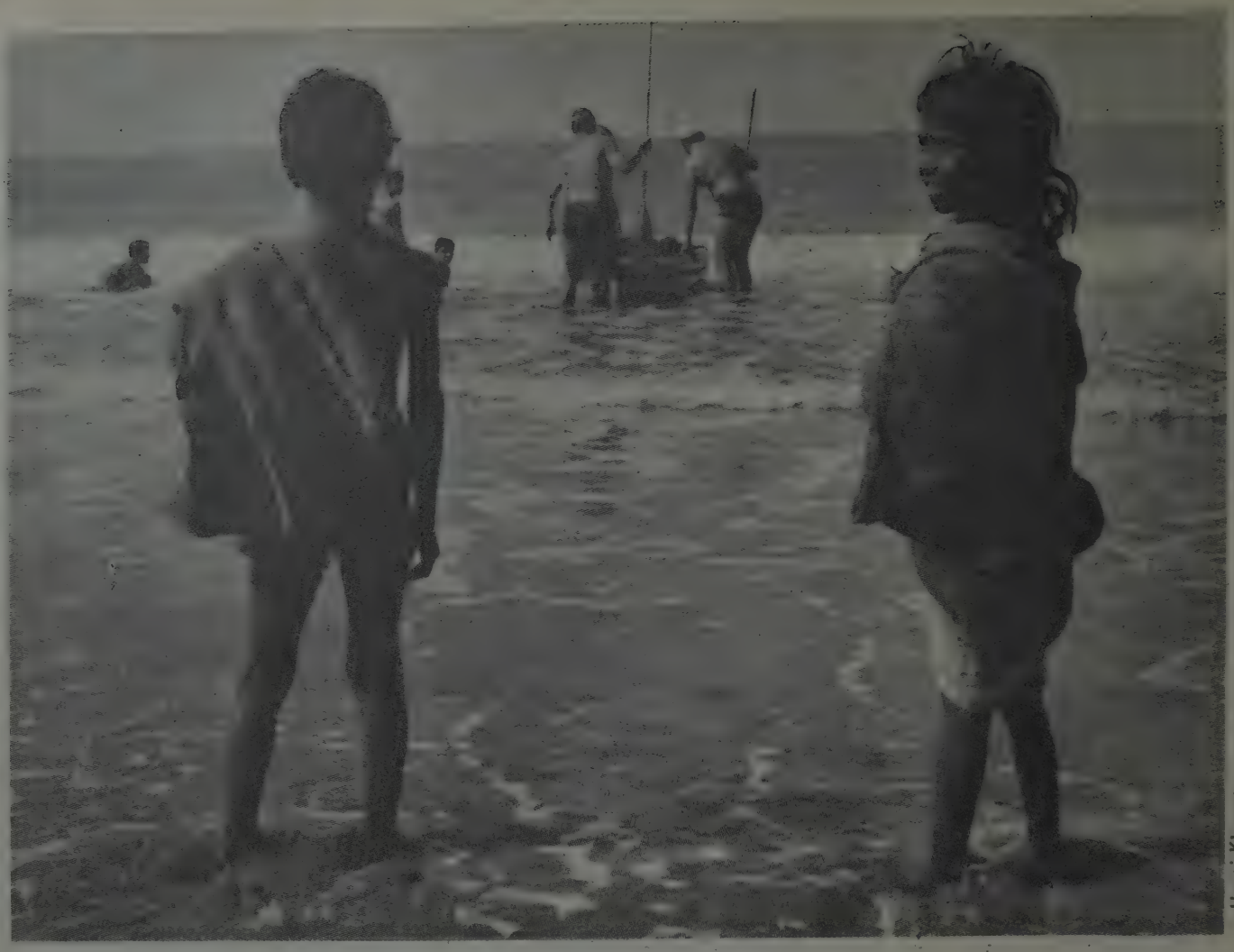
1. Mr. Menachem Begin and Mr. Anwar Sadat shared the Nobel Peace Prize last year. Who were the recipients of the first Nobel Peace Prize?
2. The flag of which of these countries has green in it — Italy, Iran, Mexico, Pakistan?
3. Sadism was named after Marquis de Sade. What word of opposite meaning was also derived from a man's name?
4. Who are the authors of the recently published book "Indian Women Today"?
5. E.C.G. stands for electro-cardiogram. What does E.E.G. stand for?
6. What are the 'prairies' of the Soviet Union called?
7. Tamil Selvan won the Arjuna Award for weightlifting last year. Who won the Arjuna Award for badminton last year?
8. Which famous Indian is credited with having invented the sitar?
9. How many countries are there in South America?
10. In which country would you use Baht as currency?
11. In which year were the fourth General Elections to the Lok Sabha held?
12. Which famous poet is the link between Pandit Nehru and President John F. Kennedy?

This is the sixteenth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. The deadline for Quiz Contest 16 is January 20, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 16' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 15 will appear in our issue of January 27. The answers to Quiz 16 will appear in our issue of February 10.



Homi Kharas

SLUM CHILDREN: FLOWERS IN A GUTTER

Their battle for survival begins early. Before they can even afford the luxury of a formal education, they are already graduates of the hard school of life

Bharat Savur

Their future died the day they were born. Created by a cruel God who turned his back on them, trapped by an accident of birth into inexorable circumstances, born to parents who left their miserable villages and their miserly fields to join the rush to the big city, these children have been exposed to the Western world by their media as half-naked, nose-running, begging, big-eyed babies, to the embarrassment of our educated elite, who live on islands of plenty amidst an ocean of poverty. 1979 — the International Year for the Child — can aptly be called in India the "Year of the Hungry Children". Children hungry for food of which there is never enough. For whom home is a footpath, an over-bridge, a subway, a railway platform, a water-pipe and for the more fortunate, a hut or a chawl. Hungry for change, even if they can't define it. Posing questions to which there are no answers. Envious of your son sucking an ice-cream. World-weary by the age of seven. Their God died young.

Somalaxmi's name is an irony. Named by her parents after the Goddess of Wealth, as if they had a premonition that this would be the closest they would get to producing wealth. Her birth itself was an accident. Unplanned and, just possibily, unwanted. Somalaxmi is a first generation Maharashtrian, born to Telugu immigrants Ramayya and Lachnarsamma. The hut in Bhoiwada, Parel, is the only home she has ever known. Like the tropical flower she is, Somalaxmi will bloom early. Wither early. At twenty, Somalaxmi will look thirty. At thirty she will pass for fifty. Unplanned motherhood, and prolonged breast feeding, will, sure as a babe needs milk, take their toll. But at present, Somalaxmi, though seven years old, looks five, the round worms in her system taking away much of the little food she eats. She has tea for breakfast, a bit of fish and rice for lunch and dinner. Occasionally, a few vegetables. She is anaemic, but her father Ramayya cannot help it. Earning a monthly salary of Rs. 400, his purse is smaller than the eight mouths he has to feed. Living in the darkness of the hut where the sun is a stranger, it is a wonder Somalaxmi doesn't have rickets as well. Every morning at seven she zigzags through the maze of huts to see her father off to work. If her nose wasn't so used to the stink of overflowing latrines and gutters she would have been sick. No school, no playgrounds for Somalaxmi. Slowly she walks her way back home. A lonely, little rivulet, without course or current, that cannot mingle with the mainstream of Indian life.

The story of Somalaxmi, with minor variations of key and rhythm, is the song of millions of sons of the slums. Heart rending music. Soul shattering beat.

The railway line in Khar is the great divide between the middle-class which stays on its west side, and the one-hundred thousand slum dwellers on the east. This is India at the grass roots. India at the crossroads. Where village meets city. Where culture is buried by civilization. Where the philosophy of karma and kismet clashes with the ideals of communism. Where for over thirty years the "Benefits of Socialism" have begun and ended with slogans. Here you find Sikhs from the Punjab, Bhaiyaas from Uttar Pradesh, the Kamatis of Andhra, Maharashtrians from the Konkan and from the ghats all crowded into a shanty town, where the only tangible growth is in the population. Where the potential for violent change is belied by the brooding silence of suffering humanity.

People say they drink too much. That they work to drink. Prohibitionists want to ban their drinks. They might succeed in stopping their drinks but they can't stop them drinking. As long as there is so much unemployment, overcrowding, poverty, as long as there are spirits, and fruitskins, gutters and manholes, the moonshine mixers will continue to make their snake-juice, witches' brew, and you name the poison, the slum-dwellers will drink it.

Sixty-four doctors, the majority of whom are pill-pushers out to make a pile, fake fakirs who have never heard of Hippocrates and a handful of genuine doctors, co-exist with the innumerable illicit liquor joints that are the main reason for their lucrative practice. "Dawaii-wali-bai", as Dr. Kamal Joshi is fondly called by these weaker sections, would probably win any local elections held in this area, where she has been practising for the last twenty-two years. "Their wants are few. Most of their income is spent on drinks and doctors — what remains, on food. The only

milk that a child knows is from his mother's breasts. On an average, one tap serves the needs of a hundred families. Sanitation is non-existent in the squalor of their life. The school drop-out rate is high. A mere ten per cent reach matriculation, of which only three per cent pass." The rest go the way of their fathers. Once in a long while, a few defy destiny, and get away. Whilst others drank moonshine, Mr. Jambekar studied by the flickering light of a lantern to finish his M.Com. and is today a Bank Agent.

UNICEF

The slum child begins his battle for survival early. Normally one of several off-spring, the choice between employment or education is strictly academic. And so into the big city they go selling vegetables, polishing shoes, running errands, serving tea, washing dishes, rummaging through dustbins, etc. Working long hours for a pittance. But it is the child that neither works nor studies that spells potential danger to society. With time on his hands, he begins to loaf. Matka and cards soon possess him. The

Homi Kharas

constant need for money leads to bigger crimes.

Available statistics are startling. Indian children account for one half of the country's population. They are not just the future of the country. They are the Living Today. Their needs, their expectations have to be met, and fast. Seventy three per cent of the boys and 80 per cent of the girls drop out before middle school. Forty five per cent of the boys and fifty two per cent of the girls never finish high school. One out of every 23 children in India is a labourer, working in places and positions that would make even a bonded labourer shudder. In 1970, one out of every 2,300 Indian children was apprehended for crime. Of the one lakh child criminals, 10,405 were in the seven to twelve age group, children who could travel on a half-ticket; 28,105 from the 12-16 age group. The crimes ranged from burglary (18,407), gambling (17,309), rape (223), aiding or attempting suicide (465), to aiding, attempting or committing murder (1,058). Crimes perpetuated by children who would have had a problem getting to see an adult movie.

Whom can you blame? The parents for producing them? Society for provoking them? Or the State for ignoring them? Criminals are not born. They are made.

Death claims, at birth itself, eighty-one children for every thousand that live. Also, the mothers' malnutrition causes premature births and low birth weights. The parents' apathy to family planning methods, and the thousands of new immigrants, mean that more and more people have to live on the same land, use the same facilities, or suffer the lack of them. Their problem is in a nutshell, that of the whole of India. A Malthusian nightmare, where the geometrical growth of population is greater than the resources to house them, feed them, provide jobs for them. A problem that is literally as large as India's population, and that has succeeded in defeating all the resources and machinery of State and Central Governments for over thirty years.

Private organizations like the Maharashtra State Women's Council, founded almost 60 years ago, are doing their best to give a helping hand to those who need it. Run by a team of housewives, whose services are honorary, the Council, with the help of grants from the Central Social Welfare Board and private donations in Bombay, has established quite a few service centres. In spite of the laudable achievements of the Council, it is only a finger in the dyke with bursting humanity on the other side.

Unfortunately, some social workers visit the slums in many guises, many sizes. The fat cats of business and their women of "High Society". They visit after making sure journalists and other media men get there first. College students come full of good intentions and sandwiches and scented handkerchiefs. Their pioneering spirit diluted by the picnic one. The follow-up action in both cases is non-existent. Religious men come with the message, "Your Gods have let you down, your faith has failed you. Try ours." The follow-up action is with equal emphasis on conversion and charity. Once in a long while, come the politicians with gifts and money, and with talk of the Golden Tomorrow. Sad that tomorrow is just another today. To understand the people of the slums and their problems one has to identify with them. The Mother Theresas, the Mrinal Gores, the Ahilya Rangnekars who can do that, are a rare kind of visitors.

Those who matter most are conspicious by their absence. The sanitation men, the health men, the men from the electricity board and the water department. Little men in big positions who could bring light into their lives. Dr. Subhash Chandra of the National Institute of Public Cooperation and Child Development, New Delhi, says, "Since these slum colonies are often illegal, the municipality sometimes refuses to provide them basic civic services and other facilities like schools, nurseries, creches and dispensaries."

As Ms. Sindhu Phadke of UNICEF points out, "Unless some comprehensive programmes which can meet the basic needs of such children are devised, it is likely that we may lose the contribution of this vital segment of human resources. What is worse, these children can pose a serious threat to national development because of their explosive and destructive potential."

The slum story is not that of Bombay alone. A survey showed that 65 per cent of households in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras and Delhi live in one room tenements. If, somehow, the numbers of those who sleep under God's own stars, could have been included, the statistics would have been bleaker. The garden city of Bangalore has the thorny problem of one lakh slum dwellers. In over three decades, neither Planning Commissions nor State Governments have done anything to change their lives. In fact, during the Emergency, in the name of "city beautification", thousands of them were driven away. Tragedies like the Turkman Gate incidents — the attitude of the then Government being, "if we can't solve their problems, sweep them away." Washed into the cities by the high tide of industrialisation, will these millions remain stranded, as the Janata Government looks village-wards? The vicious circle will then be complete for the slum which is half city half village. And yet belongs to neither.

BEAUTIFUL, DARING...AND DEADLY

Achal Mehra

Hasina was the bane of the police forces of two states. Her daring dacoities and near invincibility made her the most celebrated and hunted criminal of the day.

The 26-year-old wayward beauty from Tikamgarh, with two broken marriages behind her, eloped into the ravines with young athletic Khilawan Singh, a fugitive from justice, on September 5, 1977. She then launched her brief eight-month criminal career. Beginning as members of the gang of the notorious Naune Ju, Hasina and Khilawan rose to the leadership of the gang when Naune was picked up by the police.

Hasina's beauty and valour attracted several young dacoits to her fold and soon they constituted an awesome gang that spread terror in the UP-MP border areas.

Hasina died on May 27, 1978, allegedly in an encounter with a police party. At the time she was six months pregnant. By then Hasina had become a legend, and thousands thronged to see her body.

Did Hasina die like Putlibai while putting up a spirited fight from a house in Khiriyaghat? Or did she surrender tamely and was killed by trigger-happy cops?

The police claim she died in the encounter. But the residents of Khiriyaghat insist that she was a victim of a bloodthirsty police party. Perhaps, one will never know.

"When the Angel of death calls, I think I'll dazzle him with my charm and kill him too. The world would love me for that," she is believed to have once told her lover. Her beauty and her charm only attracted the Angel all the sooner.

Her death has not ended the reign of female dacoits in the Chambal area. Even Madho Singh, himself a notorious dacoit who once terrorized vast areas of the Chambal before surrendering under the JP plan in 1974 and who is now serving sentence in an open jail in Mungawali (MP), is alarmed at the phenomenal increase in female dacoits. He has attributed this to the screening of films like "Putlibai", which has glorified the life of that legendary dacoit queen. This, in Madho Singh's opinion, has given a false sense of glamour to crime, firing the imagination of some women. "There are going to be more Putlibais and Hasinas," predicts Madho, "until a ban is put on such films,

Whether in the Chambal or the badlands of the West, woman dacoits have proved themselves as ruthless and daring as men

at least in the Chambal and other dacoit-infested areas."

Chambal, indeed, has been a breeding ground for dacoit queens, all as notorious for their crimes as famed for their beauty. **Putlibai** was the first of them. Born to a dancing girl who performed in the courts of Gwalior and Indore, Putlibai too was originally called Hasina. She was abducted during her marriage ceremony by a gang of dacoits, whom she was to rejoin later. Her parents obtained her release from the notorious dacoit Sultana after selling off all their ornaments to pay the ransom. The police subsequently persuaded Putlibai to spy on Sultana. This she did, almost leading to the dacoit's capture. Her association with the dacoit, however, endeared her to a life of crime. She married Sultana and gave him a daughter. Her beauty dazzled another dacoit, Lalal Singh, who murdered Sultana and carried away Putlibai and forcibly married her. Putlibai later emerged as a powerful dacoit queen. With her gang she spread terror in the Chambal valley. She was killed in a police encounter in January 1957, when she walked into a trap laid for another dacoit, 'Lakhan the terrible'.

Putlibai was followed by **Bijli,** who lasted for a mere ten days. She was picked up by the police without putting up resistance. Others to show up intermittently were **Shella Rani, Muni** and **Renuka Devi.**

Only **Kapuri Bai,** who called herself Putlibai, was a worthy successor to the dacoit queen. She surrendered with her paramour Kharag Singh in 1976. She had menaced several areas of UP for many years but finally decided to take advantage of a police offer of surrender. She, her paramour and her 21-man gang laid down arms in Dholpur on April 29, 1976. At the time she too was pregnant. "I don't wish my child to have to undergo what I have had to bear," she said.

None to beat in ruthlessness and cruelty was **Kuntala** who was killed while putting up a valiant defence in October 1975. She had deserted her husband to join the notorious dacoit Ram Sanehi. Kuntala's sport was to gouge out the eyes of suspected informers.

And now a new threat seems to be emerging in the form of shapely 22-year-old ferocious **Kamala.** Starting as a camp maid of Kaptan Singh's gang, Kamala has risen to the status of chief mistress of its leader and is the likely successor to Kaptan Singh. The police want her for several crimes ranging from looting and dacoity to murder. In a recent outrage she and her gang looted 20 families in the Ambah Tehsil of Morena.

Munnibai, another notorious dacoit of a sister group of Kaptan Singh, surrendered with her companions to the Agra police recently.

If India has its Putlibais, Hasinas and Kamalas, the West too has its crime queens. Among the most notorious was **Clara,** the daughter of a millionaire, hailed as among the most beautiful women in England. She swindled millions from shrewd businessmen before she was arrested.

'Molly' Monica Proitti, who terrorized Montreal between 1958 and 1966, is still a legend in Canada. Hailed as the 'gunwoman extraordinary' and 'two-gun Molly' by the press, she became the most celebrated criminal of the day. She was killed in a wild shoot-out in the streets of Montreal.

No less notorious was the teenage terror **Lili Jo Ramos** who became a 'gunwoman' when only 15. There was scarcely a crime she did not commit, from bank hold-ups to forgeries. When surrounded by the police in a New York motel she emerged into the open, gun blazing. She miraculously survived. But her greatest con victory was yet to come. She successfully convinced the investigating officer of her moral conversion and escaped. **'Chicago' May** who had begun as a mistress to an outlaw, Edie, rose to the leadership of her own ruthless gang.

Mary Ann, a penniless lassie, perpetrated among the greatest hoaxes

in the world when she swindled hundreds of shrewd investors of millions by posing as a rich baroness in England. She took heavy credits on the basis of her titles and skipped before the creditors could catch up with her. During her remarkable career she signed a lease for a London theatre and negotiated to purchase a London newspaper. Few were willing to testify when the police caught up with her. Which shrewd businessman would acknowledge being duped by a laughing lassie?

An even more remarkable career was that of **Lydia de Vere** who had a wonderful run as Mrs. Chadwick, the fashionable wife of a famous doctor. From the age of sixteen she had made her mark as a blackmailer and con woman. A master in the art of deception, she was believed to have grossed a quarter million annually at the peak of her career. Incredibly, her husband never suspected that his charming wife was among the most celebrated criminals of Chicago.

The stories of crime queens are legion. What motivated these women to a life of crime? Most of them had only one thing in common: their beauty. Their motives varied. Some were urged by a desire for money. A few were propelled by sexual jealousies and rages. Others found in crime a liberation which ordinary life denied. They commanded fear, and felt powerful to see their victims cringe.

The con women found that as criminals they enjoyed an advantage over their male counterparts. Their good looks hid their ugly activities. They were more successful as decoys. There was no criminal activity they did not indulge in — murder, hold-ups, swindling, bigamy, arson. In cruelty they matched their male counterparts, and in valour outdid the bravest of the brave.

What was the irresistible lure that attracted them to crime? The money, of course — all tax free. And the excitement, the adventure that offered an escape from the humdrum routine. This is particularly relevant in the case of the dacoit queens of the Chambal. As village girls they were objects of discrimination, forced to observe medieval taboos. Their job was to keep house, and life was confined to looking after the kitchen and the children. A few among them rebelled. But one cannot rebel and be acceptable in a tradition-bound society. A rebel was automatically an outlaw. And thus a Putlibai or a Hasina was born.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

THE NARGIS- KRISHNA HUG—signs of thaw

For years, rather till yesterday, **Nargis** fought a losing battle with me. "Why do you write about Sunil or me, and why do you refer to 'that man' (Raj Kapoor)? What would our children feel?" She even complained to V. C. Shukla and all authority in general. Then she did something she should have done long ago. She just saw to it that her children, to begin with son **Sanjay,** step on to the glamour world to receive bouquets and brickbats. But not before she denied all rumours of Sanjay even nursing an ambition to be a star. As a would-be-star mama, Nargis has even allowed herself some liberties. Liberties of brushing through the past in public. For her last year's TV interview she avoided Raj Kapoor's name. This year in Tabassum's "Phool Khile Hain" she mentioned him after the tea as Raj Saab. Said Sunita B. C. to me: "You know, at Kamala Shivdasani's silver wedding party, Krishna Kapoor and Nargis hugged each other."

What Sunita thought was the news of the year was truly five years late.

Even if Dimple and Anju had embraced each other at Kamla's party it would have been stale news. In any case Dimple is such a greasy woman that she was heading for such an embrace. In fact, she was too keen on attending Kamla's party.

Sunjay looks exactly like Sunil, except for his hair which looks like Nargis's in "Chori Chori". Both Kumar Gaurav and Sunjay look weak propositions to me. If money and publicity could make hits, "Shalimar" would not have been the Joke of the Year, a million dollar joke, that too.

* * *

Dharam flopped through the year, and Hema tried to hide her flops ("Dhoop Chhaon") like Rajesh Khanna had tried to hide the birth of his second daughter.

And as this goes to press, news has come from Delhi that **Rajesh Khanna** cut his birthday cake at a chain of theatres during the premiere of "Prem Bandhan" and managed to quiet a hysterical crowd on the road on a winter night.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel added an unusual touch to its Christmas festivities by holding a party for 100 children from St. Anthony's Home and the Father Agnel Ashram.

Mafatlal Mills, Tata Textiles and Dawn Apparels contributed material for a new set of clothes for each child, the stitching charges of which were borne by the Oberoi-Sheraton executives. Aurora Hasbro Plastics contributed colouring sets, Puranmal Delhiwala gifted sweets and Brite Plastics gifted sweet boxes. Other contributors included Cadbury's Chocolates, Hawkins, Lalbhai Exports. The Modern Transport Company undertook the children's transportation, free of charge.

This year an interesting change was that Santa Claus brought Mama Santa with him.

* * *

Aruna Shah, Seema Kumar and Sushma Mehrotra are holding an exhibition of soft toys, embroidered linen, children's garments and handicrafts at the Aakar Art Gallery on January 20 and 21.

Most of the handicrafts have been done by the craftsmen of Kadav village, near Karjat in Maharashtra. This village has been adopted by the Bombay University.

The New Activity School celebrated its silver jubilee by holding a variety entertainment programme in which the main participants were children two-and-a-half to eight years old.

Mrs. S. Doongaji, founder and directress, thanked her former headmistresses Mrs. N. Pardiwalla and Mrs. P. Kumar for having built up the School. Mrs. M. Rustomji, principal, traced the history of the School. Two teenaged ex-students were asked to preside.

* * *

The Zonta Club of Bombay I invites applications from deserving female university students for the Miss Sarah Paul Scholarship of Rs. 200 offered by the Club. The criteria are academic achievements and financial condition. Those interested may apply for forms to Mrs. Mera Phiroze Shroff, C/o. Gagrat and Co. Advocates and Solicitors, Alli Chambers, N. Master Road, Bombay-23, by January 15, 1979.

DELHI

'Bali-Hi', at the Welcomhotel Maurya was the venue for 'Fun 'n' Food USA', an American Food Festival, which started at the end of December and is to end this week. The Festival brought to Delhi for the first time the varied culinary expertise of the United States. Courtesy Air-India had come the Sheridan Square Street Stompers — all the way from New York. This five-piece band entertained the audience with traditional Jazz and Rock numbers.

* * *

'Sitayana', a play with a very unusual theme was presented by students of Lady Irwin College. The play revolved around social attitudes towards women, and was dedicated to the late Snehalata Reddy. Director-writer Tajeshwar Singh said he was inspired by Snehalata Reddy's play 'Sita', which por-

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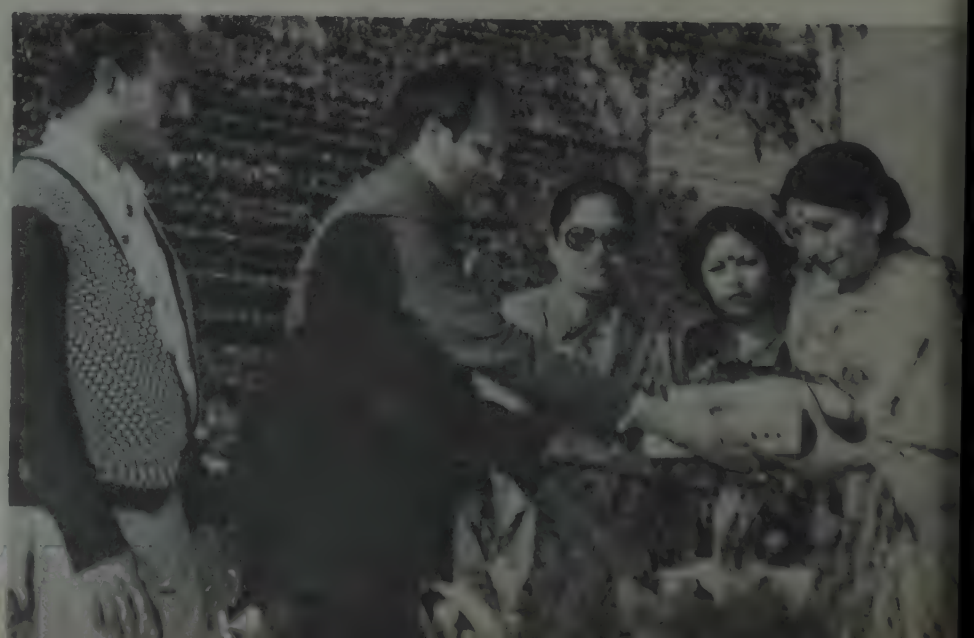
1. Miss Dipti Ambani, an ex-student of the New Activity School, Bombay, gives the presidential speech as the chief guest at the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the School. Others in the picture are, from left, Mrs. Rustomji, principal, Mrs. D. Doongaji, directress, Miss F. Vakil, who compered the show and Miss Bhagwager, the teacher with the longest service record in the School.

2. Mr. Vijay Merchant, who inaugurated the exhibition-cum-Anand Bazaar of the Gulistan Finishing School, Bombay, seen with the principal, and students of the School.

3. Mrs. Mukta Bagla, (ext. left) seen with guests Vinita Aiyappa and Vini Randhwava at her newly-opened boutique 'Rugs and Riches' in Bangalore.



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trayed a Sita who dared to question her husband.

BANGALORE

Mrs. Nellie Homi Sethna, well-known textile designer, presented an exhibition of Kalamkari, under the auspices of the International Music and Arts Society at the Venkatappa Art Gallery, Bangalore. On display were both hand-printed and hand-painted Kalamkari textiles, done in vegetable dyes.

Rani Vijaya Devi, president of the International Music and Arts Society, welcomed visitors to the exhibition. There was also a film show on this art.

• •

Mrs. Mukta Bagla opened a boutique 'Rugs and Riches' at the Residency Road, Bangalore. The 'Rugs' section of the boutique has carpets, leatherware and paintings on display, while the 'Riches' include curios, art objects, sarees and jewellery.

RAJIKA KIRPALANI YOUNG JOURNALIST AWARD 1979

The trustees of the "Rajika Education Trust" are pleased to announce the above award for promotion and encouragement of young Indian writers. The terms and conditions of the Award and other prizes will be as follows:

1. The Award will be open to both male and female journalists of Indian nationality only.
2. Age limit of the contestants will be 27 years.
3. The Award will consist of a prize of Rs. 1000 and a bronze trophy.
4. A number or special prizes shall also be given at the discretion of the judges with a view to encouraging promising young talent.
5. ONLY NON-FICTION WORK (POETRY TO BE EXCLUDED), published in Indian or foreign magazines will be considered for the awards.
6. Minimum of five entries (but not more than ten) should be submitted.
7. Period of publication of the entries should be July 1, 1978 to June 15, 1979.
8. The last date for receiving entries will be June 30, 1979.
9. Full address with proof of age and nationality along with bio-data is essential.
10. Entries to be addressed to:
    Rajika Education Trust,
    17, Vaswani Mansion,
    120 Dinshaw Vatcha Road,
    Opp. K. C. College,
    Bombay-400 020.
11. Entries will be returned on request.
12. Decision of the judges will be final.
13. Evaluation will be done on the basis of originality, versatility, style and content.
14. The awards and special prizes will be given on August 17, 1979 (the birthdate of the late Rajika Kirpalani).

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4. Sudarshan Munjal, president, Lioness Club of Ludhiana, hands over a special electronic speech trainer, a gift from the Club to the local Red Cross' School for the Deaf and Dumb, to Mr. H. Abhilashi, Excise Minister, Punjab. Looking on are Mr. Virinder Srivastav, in-charge of the School, and Subhashini Verma and Dr. Krishna Gupta, treasurer and secretary of the Club (3rd and 4th from left).

5. Christmas celebrations at the Oberoi-Sheraton Hotel, Bombay. Children enjoying themselves at a party given for children from two orphanages. At right: Mrs. S. Jagannathan, Director, Govt. of India Tourist Office, Bombay, inaugurates the Hotel's annual Christmas Bazaar, as from left, Miss Honey Uttamsingh, Miss Fareda Nariman, Guest Relations, Mrs. Virmani, Sales, Mr. A. Siddiqui, general manager and Mrs. Mani of Satyajit Enterprises look on.

6. Mr. Archer K. Blood, deputy chief of the US mission in New Delhi seen at the mike with the Sheridan Square Street Stompers during the US Food Festival held there.

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THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK Jan. 14th/20th

John Naylor

IF IT's YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You tend to take the safe and sure path — but you can afford to be a little more adventurous in the year ahead. Don't see others get the goodies than can be yours. It's a time to push yourself into the limelight and — if you are doing good work in any direction — to see that this is known. If you have special ambitions careerwise, this is within reach but it is not a year to hesitate too long, should an opportunity arise. Alternatively, you'll be boosting your man's confidence and helping future family security. Whatever happens, by the end of your birthday year, you should be better off than you are now. If unattached at present, a rewarding love affair will colour your life.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)
You are in a companionable period; there are romantic opportunities, if single. The social scene is lively and you will receive some unexpected gifts and compliments. You may be asked to help organize a special outing or occasion.

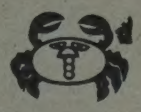
TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)
Helpful stars affect two areas — long-distance travel and friendships. It is not too soon to fix your 1979 holiday — and see that you make it a good one. If heart-free, a person from another country or of unusual personality may spin into your scene.

GEMINI

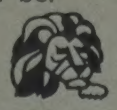
(May 22 — June 21)
Life is too busy and you will be rather at the beck and call of others. It is important that you get some fun, also some quiet relaxation by yourself. Don't let trivial problems dampen your outlook and try not to fret if people are changeable.

CANCER



(June 22 — July 23)
You may be feeling more aggressive than usual — but don't upset the one who means most to you. Vitality could be low if you are letting little irritations upset you. Should a minor health trouble develop, take steps to improve things without delay or you'll feel off-colour for longer than need be.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug. 23)
Your plans, hopes and wishes should be progressing nicely. You will feel full of zing, happily in tune with life and people. A promising phase in your emotional life with, perhaps, a special gift or message that has your heart spinning.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)
New friendships will blossom, present links strengthen. You can look forward to a sociable and light-hearted week — and the more you get around the better you'll get on. Keep in the swim, both at work and at play and get yourself into the limelight. Your stars bring opportunities but you must help yourself too.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)
An unexpected happening will have you changing future arrangements hurriedly — but this will turn out to your advantage. Catch up on the bits and bobs, get yourself together, generally. You will soon be into a lively and romantic period and will need time in hand.

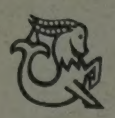
SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Good news this week, perhaps an invitation which involves a journey. A promising time if you are trying to make headway in a special direction, have an ambitious target in mind. Some unexpected support may come your way.

SAGITTARIUS

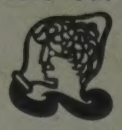
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)
You will be lucky in most things you attempt this week and will be full of enthusiasm generally. A special goal is now within your grasp if you are confident and communicate successfully with others.

CAPRICORN



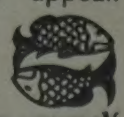
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)
Go after what you want, both in personal life and in more practical schemes. Your stars are helping you and this is no time to be staying modestly in the background. Throw out old ideas and methods and reconsider relationships that would seem to have outlived their usefulness.

AQUARIUS



(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)
Meetings, this week, will get a follow-up a little later on. You are heading into an exciting new week, so get ready to make the most of opportunities in all directions. This week, get into everything that's going on, even if some outings don't at first appeal.

PISCES



(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)
You can improve your set-up, make yourself some extra money, as well as have an enjoyable time in the next few weeks. Lucky stars will bring all sorts of good things your way and some attractive people will enter your sphere. A flirtatious, rather than an ardent week — but a special romance is on the way.

SCIENTIST LOST IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Continued from page 17

Ustad Kallan Khan Saheb at the rate of 14 to 16 hours a day for 16 years."

"Are you not going to write a thesis on music for a doctorate?"

Lalith: "I consider it the greatest irony that while lesser musicians have been showered with titles, honorary degrees, and honours galore, Ustad Khadim Hussain, probably greater than most of them, has gone totally unhonoured all these years. Under such circumstances, my trying to get a Doctorate based on my Ustad's teachings when he himself has been awarded no honours seems quite meaningless. At last, it is now when he is in his seventies that his 52 years of service to music have been recognized and he has been honoured with an award from the Maharashtra government!"

"What are your ambitions for the future?"

Lalith: "There was a time when I dreamt of becoming a top engineer like my father. But now all ambitions are in the world of music. With whatever little knowledge I have imbibed from my Ustad, in these years of intensive training, my ambition is to perform in concerts all over the country and please the music-loving public with pure ragas as distinctly opposed to the present trend of neo-classicism and pseudo-classicism. My husband's encouragement has always been there. I must also thank Mr. Soli Batliwala of the Bhulabhai Memorial Institute who helped me with a scholarship for more than 14 months to pursue my musical studies under Khan Saheb. In order to please the gallery, I am not going to deviate from the pure classical traditions so lovingly taught by my Ustad who calls me his **'beti'.** Musical tastes charge for the better or for the worse at different periods but I sincerely believe that pure traditional classical music will ultimately triumph over all the vitiated forms that are in vogue from time to time."

ANSWERS TO EVE KEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST — 14

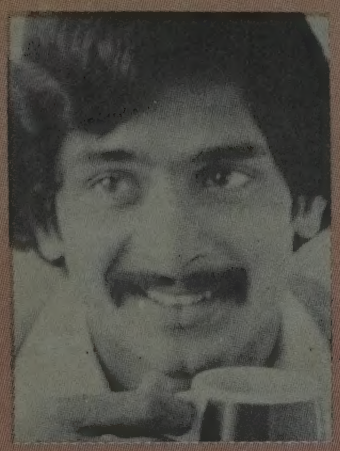
1. **Andrew Jackson Young, Jr.**
2. **Thomas Alva Edison.**
3. **Fossils.**
4. **The author — Ian Fleming.**
5. **The Central American Republic of Honduras.**
6. **They all measure various effects of radioactivity or radiation.**
7. **Pandit Uday Shanker.**
8. **Dennis the Menace, Peanuts, Asterix.**
9. **Surrealism.**
10. **Issac Singer.**
11. **Kallari Payattu.**
12. **Pablo Picasso.**

Mrs. Devika Menon of New Delhi, who submitted the first all-correct solution, wins the first prize of Rs. 50 as well as Rs. 50 carried over from Quiz 13.

"Bru: it's No.1 in taste & flavour"

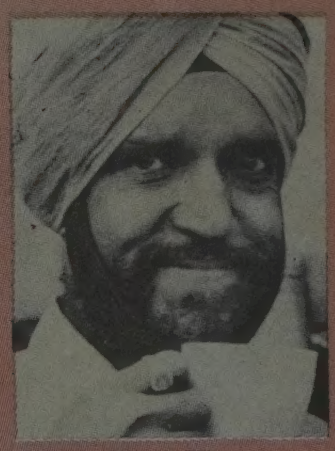
Ask your neighbour. Ask any coffee lover.

Saswati Guha Thakurtha T.V. Announcer. A cup of strong Bru helps me through trying programmes.

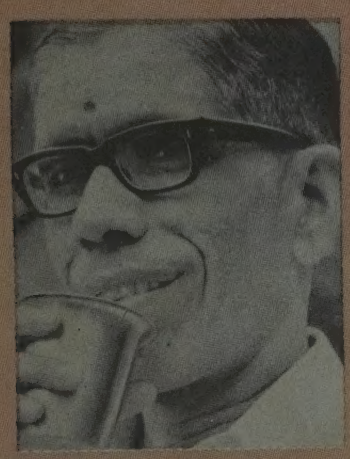


Vijay Kumar Rao, Cricketer Nothing to beat ground coffee flavour. That's why I prefer Bru.

Sushila Ravindranath, Housewife. My family is so used to Bru. Besides it helps my budget.



Pritam Singh Khanna, Executive. I prefer a good strong cup of coffee that's why I like Bru.



Mr. Krishna Murthy, Principal. A dabra of rich, steaming Bru is the way I like coffee.

Prema Dutt, P.R.O. In my job, meeting people over a cup of Bru can be relaxing.

To all lovers of good coffee

Bru's unique taste has won the appreciation of coffee lovers throughout India. Because Bru is just right—in taste, flavour and strength.

Bru: Even its price is right.
Ask any coffee lover.

OBM-5708B/1

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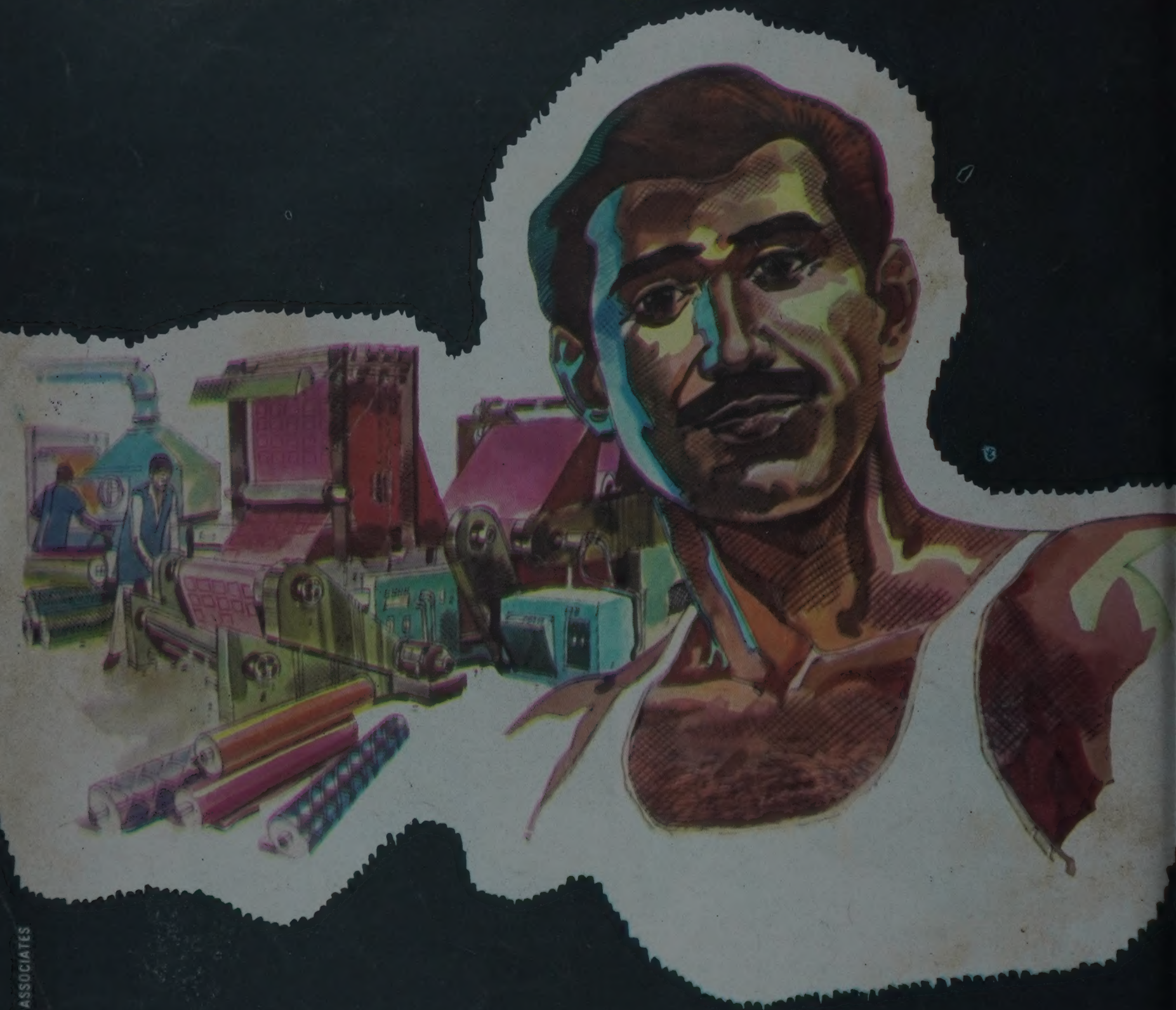
BHOR-humming with activity.



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Bhor Industries Limited started with manufacture of coated fabrics used for tents, etc. Today, the product range includes FEATHER TOUCH—foam leather cloth, NATARAJ—unsupported PVC sheetings and films, RAJA—leather cloth and book binding cloth, MARBLEX—asbestos vinyl flooring, MURALON—wall covering and STEELGRIP—tape for insulation.

Strict quality control and adoption of latest technology has made Bhor a household word in India and a reputed name abroad.

Bhor Industries Limited have 3 more plants, 2 at Bombay and one at Baroda to cater to the growing demand of its products in India and foreign

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